

MACLEAN'S

A woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a bright pink long-sleeved shirt, is playing a cello. She is looking down at the instrument with a slight smile. The background shows a large industrial structure, likely a grain dock, with several tall vertical pipes or silos. The scene is outdoors, and the lighting suggests it might be late afternoon or early morning.

A CELLO AT THE GRAIN DOCK?
IT'S ALL PART OF THE

**NEW LIFE
IN THE
NEAR NORTH**

ANGUILLA
REVOLUTION IN PARADISE

WHY BRAINY
YANKS
ARE CHOOSING
CANADA



HARSH MEETS ITS WATERLOO

It happens every couple of generations—a whiskey like Calvert Grand Prix. A Canadian whiskey made so amazingly smooth that veteran drinkers begin to stir their drinks more thoughtfully. "So smooth you could sip it straight," say the taste who know. Taste.

One straight sip. Without fear. Without hesitation. Because harsh has met its Waterloo. Later, add a favorite mixer. You know right away you're mixing in the smoothest company. Which is why we named it Grand Prix. The proud smoothie from Calvert.



Calvert Grand Prix: tells it to you straight.

MACLEAN'S REPORTS

MARCH, 1969 VOLUME 62 NUMBER 3



Is John Lindsay finished as mayor of New York?

AS A BITTER and wearisome 10-week strike of teachers came to an end one day last November and a million youngsters trooped back into their classrooms, Harold Pinter, Kansas rights chairman of the Brooklyn Bar Association, pined out the window of his law office near City Hall and said solemnly: "Lindsay is dead."

To anyone outside New York City, that might sound like an incredible verdict. It doesn't seem long since Mayor John V. Lindsay was getting the big headlines as a sort of Republican John F. Kennedy, and he seemed the one of his party's strongest contenders for the 1968 presidential nomination—stronger than, say, that handsome Richard M. Nixon. But after three years in office Lindsay now faces the largest block of hostile votes he has ever encountered.

If you make full use of the 20-20 hindsight with which political reporters, buffies and other sages are inevitably blessed, you can make the case that the story of the Lindsay administration has just been one bad tactical blunder after another.

On the very day he took office, Lindsay set the tone for all the relations he's had since with unseasoned labor — by clashing with the late Mike Quill, boss of the Transport Workers' Union, Israeli unioned subway strike. Ever since, says political

analyst Stanley Aronowitz, "the bargaining style of the mayor has been ineffectual and suffocating."

Aronowitz might also have said "politically disastrous." It is a controversy over school-board decentralization, Lindsay tried to carry Negro favor by siding with a Negro school board. But all he managed to do was alienate the predominantly Jewish Federation of Teachers (who were in dispute with the board) and the labor movement at large. In the settlement that followed, the Negro side was humiliated — and Lindsay got the blame.

besides teachers and subway workers, Lindsay has had to face strikes or strike threats from cab drivers, policemen, firemen and garbage men (it's a year since the garbage strike, but health authorities still shudder over it). They're convinced that if the huge, unrelenting reform had pined up for just two more days, the city would have faced an epidemic of the plague.

After each labor dispute, Lindsay has managed to regain some lost ground, but not all, and so the ranks of his foes and critics have swelled. To some, it was an admission of cowardice, several weeks ago, when Lindsay called in Arthur Goldberg, the former United Nations representative, to handle his side of the negotiations with garbagemen, firemen and policemen. At this writing, Goldberg had resolved two of the three disputes, and the third, with police, was moving toward solution.

While Lindsay has unquestionably made gains among Negro voters (Jesse Newfield, author of *A People's Movement*, calls him "the only white mayor in America to have the grudging trust of the black community"), his unpopularity with other minorities has been correspondingly disastrous. When he appeared at the East Midwood Jewish Center in Brooklyn, Lindsay was booed off the stage. Several rallies have denounced him from their pulpits.

"We understand the mayor's problem," said one rabbi. "He wants to calm the Negroes and get a national reputation of doing well — at the expense of other groups."

Such resentment takes many forms.

Bumper stickers and lapel pins denouncing IMPERIAL LINDSAY are becoming numerous. One member of the city's Board of Estimates has called for Lindsay's removal. And at a demonstration around City Hall Park, amid chanting of "Lindsay must go!" veteran newsmen estimated the mob is 40,000 — the largest crowd of its kind they had ever seen.

Where is it all leading? Most likely to the polling booth next fall. With a surprise election due then, Lindsay still has enough Republican backing to get his party's nomination — if he wants it. Once in the running, he'll have to rely heavily on the Negro vote, to compensate for his loss of support among such significant minorities as the Jews.

"I do what is right, and I'll continue to," Lindsay said recently. "I think the people will support that."

For the doctored, Stanley Aronowitz says: "By adopting the attitude that he is ' mayor of all the people', Lindsay has finally reached the point where he is mayor of none."

"In any case," says New York without a mayor." — ARON WACHMAN.

How Trudeau's young supporters are making a play for power

PIKE MONSTER Trudeau's repeated promises during and since last spring's election campaign for young people to get involved in politics may now be turning into a true bonanza, with the fire of excitement still indomitable but renewed with a good deal of apprehension. Recent months have seen more after more by official Young Liberals to get where the action is — within the senior party.

Two notable instances took place in late January and early February in Toronto and Montreal. In Toronto, the young group simply used their

vigor and stamina, waiting until older members of the Toronto and District Liberal Association had succumbed to the growing fatigue of a five-hour meeting and gone home. Then the young Turks entered through a resolution giving them more delegates at future conventions. It was all perfectly legal, and despite efforts by the chairman to turn it aside, it went through.

The Quebec situation is slightly different, because the federal and provincial Liberal parties operate separately, even though there's a lot of overlap in membership. And, on the federal level, the official Young Liberal Association is much weaker than it is in other provinces. Nevertheless, the younger group turned up in force, and did its best to get its views not just on the record but written into the party constitution and policy.

Cutano and Quebec were a little like The youth group in Saskatchewan has already succeeded in moving into power, that would normally be the province by senior members of the Liberal party. The real move came last April (before the election, and this is significant) when the senior party was having its annual convention with all the trappings in a large hotel, while the Young Liberals were meeting in much smaller and less luxurious quarters. At the urging of one senior official, many of them moved over to the former convention, spoke and voted on party policy.

And that is the really new thing that is happening. In the past, Young Liberals (up to 35) have met separately, passed resolutions and presented them to the regular and national conventions. Almost invariably, the senior party has either rejected them or modified the resolution beyond recognition. This reporter remembers a member of occasion who he has asked about Liberalism about a resolution coming from the younger group, and to quote just one of them, Paul Hellyer, the current star: "When I was a young Liberal I was pretty radical, too. But when I have responsibility, things change."

The trouble with that attitude is that the young people — especially after repeated rejections from Trudeau — are not willing to wait much longer to have a real voice in policy-making and in the structure of the party. There have been suggestions that this new, aggressive mood stems from disenchantment with the Trudeau record so far. Not so, according to the Young Liberals. They called to what they want to do at back Trudeau, and give him grandiose

strength for his more radical moves. What they are really disenchanted with are their efforts in the party, and the attitude of interestlessness by older people.

What's likely to come out of it? The Young Liberal clubs in such more disapparent completely, with the young people becoming full-fledged members of the senior party, both at constituency and national levels — where they could outnumber their elders. Some MPs are privately dismayed. They are among the few who have depended on a small, tightly knit local group of elders who make up their riding associations. Bureaucrats, funds and other support were virtually automatic. But if a group of younger people move in, sitting behind might find their record in question, their funds reduced and remuneration not necessarily guaranteed.

The situation varies across the country. Manitoba has already accused the acts of complete integration of the young group into the senior party. Alberta may, and also Saskatchewan (British Columbia, perhaps at least, is a time-out). The most resistant to the idea of integration seems to be coming from New Brunswick. But whatever happens, look out for a new Liberal party that just could be dominated by young people, and impatient young people at that. They want change, and they want it fast.

STORMAN BEPPE

A "Yellow Sub" crewman who's beginning to surface at last

ASK A FILM FAN what's really new in cinema the season and he'll probably say *The Yellow Submarine*. Like *Poohie* and *Clay's* a couple of years back, the Beatles' cartoon feature was greeted by critical confusion when first shown but later came to be recognized as a cautious triumph. Such a reaction is not a tribute to the Beatles, who had little to do with the production, aside from inspiring the subject matter. It's because *Submarine* proves that film animation has graduated out of its own *Snow White* childhood and come of age artistically.

A surprising number of the new generation of animators are Canadians — perhaps an indication that the long-lost labour of Norman McLaren of the National Film Board are at last bearing fruit. One of McLaren's latest designs is Gerry Peterson, a 27-year-old ex-Leaderborn from a North-Western town was considered one of the best animators the NFB ever turned

out when he quit the Board last year. Now established with his own production company, his live-action and cartoon films are winning him a considerable international reputation. He was, for instance, a contributor to the sleek new artist on both sides of the Atlantic who launched *The Yellow Submarine*.

So far Peterson has not been a success for the Canadian public in comparison with *Butt* member three brief, witty TV productions for *Crestline* projects. In one, a hapless little man declared himself, "I'm going to paint the Rockies snowdrifts." In another, you get a whole symphony orchestra preched indecently atop a mountain. These were Peterson's work and it led to much bigger things. This year he is taming the country in a school bus to create a *re-creation*, live-action feature film (reported cost: \$100,000) for the Canadian government pavilion at Japan's Expo '70.

A more imaginative example of the Peterson touch will be seen in his newsworthy TV production for Toronto's Harold Peter for the NBC network in the U.S. will broadcast this spring. Peterson's cartoon versions of Power playlets will be used to illustrate the dramatist's techniques. Peterson himself has a *Postscript* on "He looks like the figures he draws," says film-maker Don Owen, a close friend. "He has the same big nose and funny eyes."

Peterson began his work in the early 1950s. He was part of the team that worked on Louis de Rochemont's feature cartoon of *Animal Farm*, the George Orwell classic. After joining the NFB he worked in relative obscurity until his animation for Stephen Leacock's *My Pleasant Career* won him an Academy Award nomination. This year Harper and Row published a children's book based on the illustrations Peterson did for one of his NFB films.

"I look on my movies as an escape," says Peterson, peering out of his office window in Montreal's plush Place Bonaventure. "Everything I do — drawing, travelling — it's all an escape. It's not profitable. Since he 'escaped' from the NFB, Peterson has hardly stopped drawing. Among Peterson productions planned or in the works are cartoon versions of Oscar Wilde's *The Selfish Giant* and A Christmas Carol of which Christopher Fry updated the *Children* tale. He is also being asked to consider William Szustman's short story *Kelly's Tree* for a film. *Winter* is intended enough to wait to write a special play for Peterson.

JOHN L. MCKINLEY



And a great fat BOO right back at you, Dukened!

I HAVE ONE RECENTLY. I OFFERED another a fellow I call Claude Dukened, a prosperous businessman with all sorts of respectable credentials including a season ticket in the boxes at Maple Leaf Gardens for Toronto's hockey games. In my last issue, Dukened was putting in his customary day at the office, telephoning, signing, adding, subtracting, when suddenly, gone! He's a bulky figure, muscular, suffers less. At it some other than Johnny Bowen: the kindly, lovable goatee for the Maple Leafs. But something is horribly out of kilter. Bowen has a scratched into uncharacteristic, and I offer him a few more minutes of his hot temper and he is laughing less.

"You felt," I say. Bowen swears at poor terrified Claude. "You're crazy, Dukened! You are!" You couldn't add up a column of numbers to save the world, I tell him. "Dukened! Now! Now!"

Then my fantasy takes a turn. I tell him. Bowen looks more familiar. "You are," I say. Bowen, Allen Stacey, with Chamberlain and another dozen artists. "Now Dukened!" they chant. "Reconciled!"

What my fantasy is all about, of course, is revenge. The attack concerned an getting their own back. For all of them there something is common, apart from superior skills in their sports — all have at one time or another been subjected to the treacherous paws of their own housemates. I am getting their own back. For all of them there something is common, apart from superior skills in their sports — all have at one time or another been subjected to the treacherous paws of their own housemates. I am getting their own back. For all of them there something is common, apart from superior skills in their sports — all have at one time or another been subjected to the treacherous paws of their own housemates. I am getting their own back.

Gardens with their backs.

What was behind this piece of treason? What is it in sports that turn them into blood-sucking to lynch one of their own good boys?

Bowen himself accepts the athlete's traditional philosophy. "They paid their five dollars at whatever it costs to get in nowadays," he said the other day, "and they have the privilege." More. Instead of him involved, authorities were equally amused about the fans' motives. "There's nothing to compare it with," Fred J. K. Rowland, an anthropologist at the University of Toronto, says. "There's nothing in any primitive society I've studied to properly match the turning on a play group within the tribe."

The theories of psychiatrists around Toronto ring from "Weak genes are, of course, a substrate for more deadly kinds of aggression." To the boxing dummies from a sense of betrayal — the audience has invested a lot of their hopes in the athlete and when he lets them down they turn on him.

Altho Bowen, outside — those words bring me closer to my own theories on the scene. Based on my close observation of the phenomenon, head bowed on my feelings the night a few years ago when I went up there with all the Gardens and bowed at that jerk who-who-who Eddie Shuck (who played then for the Leafs, not, as now, for Boston), bowed him and my longings to get back. I offer him these few minutes of my hot temper and he is laughing less.

"You felt," I say. Bowen swears at poor terrified Claude. "You're crazy, Dukened! You are!" You couldn't add up a column of numbers to save the world, I tell him. "Dukened! Now! Now!"

Then my fantasy takes a turn. I tell him. Bowen looks more familiar. "You are," I say. Bowen, Allen Stacey, with Chamberlain and another dozen artists. "Now Dukened!" they chant. "Reconciled!"

JOHN L. MCKINLEY

PETERSON ON THE PROWL





You, too, could use a little Flower Power on yourself

"I WANT you to buy a flower every month," said a pretty, serene man with white whiskers. "Put it in a vase with a note and mail it to yourself. When the parcel arrives read the note — 'From an admirer' — put the flower in your hair or your lapel, stand in front of a mirror and say to yourself, 'I deserve this flower!'"

The 300-odd recipients of this improbable advice, gathered in the Royal Garden at Toronto's Royal York Hotel, were attentive, even rapt. For the speaker was no sobering theorist but Dr. Maxwell Maltz, a plastic surgeon-turned-guru and the author of a book called *Psycho-Cybernetics* that has sold more than 3,000,000 copies in English (plus 1,000,000 in translations) since its publication in 1960. Dr. Maltz came to Toronto in June to launch Canada's first Psycho-Cybernetics Workshop, which offers, for \$150, 12 weekly group sessions in the Maltzian theory of self-fulfillment. Psycho-cybernetics, like transcendental meditation and polytransmuted corn oil essences, the term has a nice, weird ring — and has largely succeeded the other two as a topic to be trotted out at cocktail parties. Derived from the Greek word for steam, cybernetics was basically a computer science until Dr. Maltz converted "psycho-cybernetics" to express a sort of patented patent of happiness. Believers, however, businessmen and a respectable sprinkling of professionalists have looked to it for confidence and self-esteem. Ablest, especially, have profited from its simple dicta.

"It shows you how to emphasize your good points and stop dwelling about your weaknesses," said Toronto Argonaut star Daniel Lee. "Nowhere, giving psycho-cybernetics most of the

credit for his suddenly revitalized games. Believers in Canada also include Terry Evanson, Calgary Stampeder's tight end member, and Montreal Canadiens' right-winger Bobby Rousseau. The book has swept the U.S. sports scene. To hear Green Bay Packers' Bart Starr tell it, battles on the playing field are won in the pages of Maxwell Maltz. The doctor's name is not, however, composed entirely of superstitions. Tom Trench of the New York Yankees — then hitting a pony 211 — confessed his otherwise lost nerves, pressing questions to ponder whether Trench could hit as much as a pop-up foul without Maltz.

The director of the Toronto workshop (Dr. Maltz focuses doctors more throughout Canada) is a self-taught master of New Brunswick named G. Ralph Albert who has given up his assignments as a management consultant to the hotel industry in order to preach what he practices. An apprentice cook at the age of 11, a baker at 16, Albert read up on psychology and hypnosis and overcame a speech impediment with what he calls "mental rehearsal." The method of preparing oneself for stressful situations was later advocated by Maltz. "I have 20 years of experience in a five-year-old science," says Albert, who has been conducting his own course in "Mind Power for Personal Progress."

Maxwell Maltz himself is equally versatile. A New Yorker who has been training men and lifting faces for more than 40 years, he has written 11 books and a Broadway play called *The Lady Said Yes*. ("The critics said no," he says.) His latest stage effort, *The Road to Nowhere*, will be produced in London this year.

The ideas contained in *Psycho-Cybernetics* are as straightforward as its title is devious, a combination that has undoubtedly contributed to its vogue. Dr. Maltz is fond of gift phrases — "turn the word 'kill' into 'skill'"; "brushing the teeth of the mind" — but offers no poems. (When Ralph Albert suggested that he had penned a periodic schizophrenia, Dr. Maltz promptly replied, "I don't believe it.") The book borrows liberally from Russell's *The Conquest of Happiness*, among others.

New out of 10 games pulled at the Royal York reception for Dr. Maltz was that, say, they would not be sending flowers to themselves. The truth, a middle-aged insurance salesman out for a big year, said he planned to do so the very next day. "But don't use my name," he added. "I haven't got all that much self-esteem."

JOE MORRIS

EDITORIAL

GUARANTEED INCOME? LET'S THINK TWICE

THE OTHER Guaranteed-pot-it did not seem very odd, apparently, even though the Canadian Welfare Council has proclaimed that a guaranteed annual income is a "matter of right" for all Canadians.

In its report, *Social Policies for Canada*, the Council casts a yearning glance at that beautifully simple idea, the negative income tax, whereby any family head who reported an income below, say, \$3,500 would have the shortfall made up from the public treasury.

The Council hasn't figured out yet how to set income standards that would be fair for both a family in Joe Bart's Arm, Miss., and a family in Toronto or Vancouver.

We hope it doesn't hurry, as we have a question or two of our own about this much-banded "reform."

The first question arises from the ancient axiom that rights imply corresponding responsibilities. Under a universal guaranteed income, what social duty would be expected of able-bodied recipients except that they go on loafing and consuming?

Whether the maximum family income were set monthly at \$1,000 or generously at \$4,000, those earning a little above it would have a legitimate gripe. They would be working all year for perhaps \$100 more, or at best a few hundred dollars more than others could get for no work at all. This might prompt a mass shift to the ranks of the voluntarily unemployed.

The Council makes more sense, we think, when it urges revivification of the present social-security system: bigger family allowances which would be more than taxed back from higher-income families; pensions fully geared to the cost of living; unemployment insurance with contributions from and benefits to the active labor force; insured pay for sickness, disability, and child-bearing.

One recurring note in that the Welfare Council considers these measures to be far more sound than the negative income tax, with the negative income tax only a possible alternative. We would much prefer to see the other measures implemented instead, for they are sounder proposals, related every step of the way to the major causes of people's need.

DON'T BE DEAF

FREE OFFER



if you have a mild hearing loss

Have an actual-size non-operating model of Bellone's newest in-the-ear hearing aid sent you FREE! See how the tiny PRESTO can help actively in your ear, where even your own family and close friends may have to look twice to tell you're wearing it! This great new Bellone aid is light as a feather, but may be all you need to hear clearly

Bellone Presto weighs just over 1/4 ounce — yet it's ideal for mild nerve deafness. Send for your exact-size replica today. See for yourself how tiny this remarkable new Bellone aid is! It's yours FREE and without obligation. Just mail in the addressed postcard facing this page. Please act now! Send for your Presto replica today.

If card is missing, write us

Bellone

ELECTRONICS CORPORATION

4201 W. Victoria St., Dept. 4205, Chicago, Illinois 60645

The Titled Gin



WHITE SATIN by SIR ROBERT BURNETT

A classic British balance
of the smooth and the dry.
Invented in London, 1770,
by nobility for nobility.
And tastes it.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH 1989

VOLUME 82

NUMBER 3

10 PAULINE JEWETT:
UNIVERSITIES WHO'S TEACHING?

15 MACLEAN'S INTERVIEWS:
CLARENCE CAMPBELL

20 A NEW VISION FOR
THE NEAR NORTH
Alexander Ross

26 THE AMERICANS WHO
VOTED WITH THEIR FEET
Jan Kubby

43 THE WORLD'S QUIETEST,
SUNNIEST REVOLUTION
Alexander Ross

53 MISSION FOR
A MINI-SUB
Ed Gould

55 THE FIGHTING DOCTOR
WHO LIVES FOR CHILDREN
Walter Stewart

64 HOW TO STEER CLEAR
OF PROFESSOR FOSSILHEAD

68 FASHION, RED,
WHITE AND BLUE
Marysle Harris

77 WHO'S THE RICHEST PERFORMER
IN CANADIAN SPORT?

81 6 CITIES WITH THE
STARS IN THEIR EYES
Alan Schwartz



Lakewood & Saul Linkin / P. 22

Angella St. Maurer / P. 43

Sports Illustrated / P. 77

DEPARTMENTS: REPORTS 1 REVIEWS 85

MAILBAG 17

CONTEST 34

MONEY 38

MEDICINE 66

MACLEAN'S is published weekly, except on holidays and public holidays, by The Maclean Group (Canada) Inc. (Maclean Group Inc. Canada) 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543, 3544, 3545, 3546, 3547, 3548, 3549, 3550, 3551, 3552, 3553, 3554, 3555, 3556, 3557, 3558, 3559, 3560, 3561, 3562, 3563, 3564, 3565, 3566, 3567, 3568, 3569, 3570, 3571, 3572, 3573, 3574, 3575, 3576, 3577, 3578, 3579, 3580, 3581, 3582, 3583, 3584, 3585, 3586, 3587, 3588, 3589, 3590, 3591, 3592, 3593, 3594, 3595, 3596, 3597, 3598, 3599, 3600, 3601, 3602, 3603, 3604, 3605, 3606, 3607, 3608, 3609, 3610, 3611, 3612, 3613, 3614, 3615, 3616, 3617, 3618, 3619, 3620, 3621, 3622, 3623, 3624, 3625, 3626, 3627, 3628, 3629, 3630, 3631, 3632, 3633, 3634, 3635, 3636, 3637, 3638, 3639, 3640, 3641, 3642, 3643, 3644, 3645, 3646, 3647, 3648, 3649, 3650, 3651, 3652, 3653, 3654, 3655, 3656, 3657, 3658, 3659, 3660, 3661, 3662, 3663, 3664, 3665, 3666, 3667, 3668, 3669, 3670, 3671, 3672, 3673, 3674, 3675, 3676, 3677, 3678, 3679, 3680, 3681, 3682, 3683, 3684, 3685, 3686, 3687, 3688, 3689, 3690, 3691, 3692, 3693, 3694, 3695, 3696, 3697, 3698, 3699, 3700, 3701, 3702, 3703, 3704, 3705, 3706, 3707, 3708, 3709, 3710, 3711, 3712, 3713, 3714, 3715, 3716, 3717, 3718, 3719, 3720, 3721, 3722, 3723, 3724, 3725, 3726, 3727, 3728, 3729, 3730, 3731, 3732, 3733, 3734, 3735, 3736, 3737, 3738, 3739, 3740, 3741, 3742, 3743, 3744, 3745, 3746, 3747, 3748, 3749, 3750, 3751, 3752, 3753, 3754, 3755, 3756, 3757, 3758, 3759, 3760, 3761, 3762, 3763, 3764, 3765, 3766, 3767, 3768, 3769, 3770, 3771, 3772, 3773, 3774, 3775, 3776, 3777, 3778, 3779, 3780, 3781, 3782, 3783, 3784, 3785, 3786, 3787, 3788, 3789, 3790, 37



People come from all over the world and Australia to see what we are doing, as well as from the U.S. Department of Health and various Ontario school boards.



We now have over 100 acres covered with grass. But it takes a lot to keep it that way. We use about 200 tons of fertilizer and four tons of seed every year to keep these things green.



Fast eye growth on the tailings is our first test to see what's growing on our waste.

Everybody at our mines
in the Sudbury area is working
hard to produce more nickel.
Except Tom Peters

Tom prefers to let the grass
grow under his feet

As a matter of fact, it's Tom Peters' job to grow grass and trees, even hay, on nothing more than sand brought up from thousands of feet below the surface.

This sand (called tailings) is actually fine ly ground rock, all that remains after the nickel and other valuable materials have been removed. The dust that blows from huge tailings disposal areas is a major problem, but our Agricultural Department, with men like Tom Peters, is doing its best to solve it. And they are succeeding.

They are growing things out there, on nothing more than fertilized sand.

International Nickel's Agricultural Department is doing everything it can to transform hundreds of acres of waste material into attractive and useful land.

INTERNATIONAL NICKEL
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

PAULINE



JEWETT

Who's being hired to teach in our universities? Foreigners, mostly. We used to be short of qualified Canadians. Now we're turning out more of them; but we don't give them jobs

There is no doubt that as Canadians we have benefited greatly, in material terms, from the influx of non-Canadian into our university skills in the 1960s. We have got them "cheaper," so to speak, not having had to spend a cent on their preparation and training. A marvelous gift for us.

We have benefited in other ways, too. The non-Canadian we have been able to attract have frequently been first-class scholars in their fields. They have brought with them knowledge, skills and methods that have enriched and enriched our own. Furthermore, they have come from all over the world, adding a cosmopolitan flavor to almost every campus in the country.

In recent years, though, the emphasis seems to have shifted to sheer numbers of non-Canadian. Our universities have reached the point where close to three quarters of their new recruits each year are non-Canadian. (The proportion has gone up from approximately 45 percent in 1961-62 to 56 percent in 1963-64 to 72 percent

in 1965-67, with the figures for 1967-69 not yet available but probably even higher.) Furthermore, increasing numbers each year are drawn not from many lands but from just one — the United States.

The explanation usually given for this over-emphasizing reliance on outsiders, particularly on Americans, is that the supply of qualified Canadians simply hasn't kept pace with the demand. The supply of qualified Americans, on the other hand — or, at any rate, that part of the supply available to us — has grown very rapidly. The comment is usually added that is true, when more Canadians have gone through graduate school, the balance will be righted.

I, for one, have generally accepted this explanation. In fact, I have frequently inveighed against the shortcomings of our governments in not providing adequate financial assistance to students and students for graduate work, in failing to give sufficient encouragement to the development of our own university leaders.

Recently, however, two professors of English literature at Carleton University, James Steele and R. D. M. Matthews, have taken the pains to assemble a few statistics on the subject — something no one had thought of doing before. These statistics show that though the supply of qualified Canadians has not grown as rapidly as it would have with greater governmental assistance, it has nevertheless grown substantially in recent years. Indeed, it has grown much more than has the one that has been made of it by Canadian universities.

Between 1963-65 and 1963-67, Steele and Matthews estimate, the number of Canadians taking higher degrees (MAs and PhDs), in Canada and abroad, rose from 9,785 to 14,131 — a sizable increase in the pool of Canadian talent. Between the same two periods the additional faculty taken up by Canadian universities rose from 3,040 to 4,316. This was a larger increase, proportionately, than the increase in the pool of Canadian talent — government's, please note — but not markedly so. One might have expected that at least in the last year (1966-67) a fair number of the additional faculty would have been Canadian.

Yet this was so far from being the case as to be ludicrous. The increase in the number of Canadians taken on in the last year (1966-67) was only 36. The figures show 1,284 Canadians recruited in 1963-65, 1,320 in 1965-67 — a growth rate of three percent. The non-Canadians recruited, on the other hand, went up from 1,756

in 1963-65 to 3,359 in 1965-67 — a growth rate of 93 percent.

Of course, not all Canadians taking higher degrees (MAs particularly), in the two periods, were potential university teachers among those always so well distributed in the various disciplines in the university situation demanded. Were all students have been made, however, the fact remains that the supply of qualified Canadians has increased substantially in recent years and that our universities have taken practically no advantage of it.

It might be argued that our universities haven't known about the Canadian potential (much of it being snapped up by other institutions and by universities elsewhere). Certainly they have had no system for keeping themselves informed of the activities and supervision of Canadian graduate students or teachers, either at home or abroad. Neither have they had any techniques for acquiring such Canadians with university openings — by advertising regularly in a Canadian newspaper or journal, for example. They have relied almost exclusively on the word-of-mouth approach which, in an age of rapid university expansion, has been positively useless.

Sandy, though, it is essential for our universities to find out about the potential and to do so efficiently. They have shown no hesitation in finding out about the British or, more recently, the American potential. On the contrary, through advertising, recruiting agencies, attending academic "meetings" and other means, they have kept themselves quite well informed about qualified non-Canadians.

Why, then, have they kept themselves so ill-informed about Canadians? Can it be that they simply haven't wanted to recruit them? There has always been a tendency in Canadian life toward a kind of intellectual colonialism, a reluctance to use one's own talents if other talents are available. For a long while our universities looked to Britain. Have they now simply shifted to the States? Only a much greater numbers since the American market is so vast, so large, so efficient, so open and so enterprising?

In short, have our universities taken full advantage of Canadian talent because they have been indifferent to Canadians? Because they have had a decided preference for others? Challenged as it may be, it seems that the number of Canadians doing graduate work at home and abroad, in the future, may well be irrelevant. They simply aren't being hired. Not by Canadian universities anyway. □



Jean Riou breaks bread

Not only does he break bread, but cuts up chocolate bars, rips open food packages and performs a host of other tasks in his job as Food and Drug Officer with the Department of National Health and Welfare. Jean spends half of his time outside the office job, touring plants manufacturing edibles to ensure standards and quality are maintained for consumer safety.

Jean Riou is part of the new breed of people in public service — young, college educated, ambitious, and dedicated. In Government service he has found a rewarding and responsible future in the mainstream of Canadian development. The Public Service has career opportunities for men and women like Jean. If you'd like to know about them, write to:



Career Help:
Public Service
Communications of Canada,
Box 747,
Ottawa, Ontario.

All they ask about is you!



A Long Distance call is like reaching out and holding someone you love. Enjoy it often. It's the next best thing to being there.



Your Telephone Company, part of
Trans-Canada Telephone System

1969 Buick Skylark.



No wonder Buick owners keep selling Buicks for us.

The 1969 Buick Skylark.
If you're after good looks,
just look. These just have.

Listen to a Buick owner boast
about the way his Skylark takes the bumps
out of a rough road or the knots out of a
winding one without scrapping a bit
on interior appearance or riding comfort.
You'll hear that a responsive

250 cubic inch V6 is standard on the
Skylark Custom series and available on
all other Skylark models.

And you'll marvel at the
way Skylark's new colors, new interiors
and new, longer list of available
options and accessories will enable
you to give your 1969 Skylark a look
and feel that's all its own.

You'll even go confident talk,
too. About an impressive list of
GM safety features like new front-
seat head restraints, passenger guard
door locks and much, much more.

Just listen to that Skylark
owner. Then start talking yourself. To
your Buick dealer. About your own
1969 Buick Skylark.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

SEAGRAM'S
MELLOW 89

SEAGRAM'S
MELLOW 89



Madison's Has the NFL ever tried to help with scholarships or money?

Completed: We've tried for years and years to find some way, but there are no problems. For one, the university year coincides with the hockey season, so it's very difficult for the student to be good at both at the same time. Also, there has been very little interest in hockey on the part of the universities themselves. Until the national team was developed, there was practically none. Even today, Simon Fraser is the only university to have athletic scholarships.

Madson's: But what about the hockey scholarships in the U.S?

Campbell: Over the past 10 years, between 300 and 400 graduates of our sponsored amateur teams have left at their clubs/leagues. Naturally, this was a great talent drain, but we didn't fully realize it until it suddenly became clear that we weren't getting any of these players back. It wasn't that they didn't want to return or didn't have enough to use, their playing had simply deteriorated to the point where they simply couldn't make it at the NHL.

Campbell: Yes, but they also play different roles. For instance, they have to end line, so you can pass the puck from anywhere up to the attacking blue line. And that, of course, takes away the necessity of being a good skater to bring the puck out. Also, there is no body checking to the attacking team beyond the center of the rink, so they don't know how to fore-check as we know it.

Campbell: I think I could name them all on the fingers of one hand: Bill Hay, Earl Browder, George Karik and the late Bill Mazerant — they're the ones who come to mind.

Maclean's: Can you see the day when Canadian university hockey is good enough to become a good training ground for an NHL career?

Campbell. With minor exceptions, I haven't been of high caliber in the past, and I don't see much difference in the attitude of the Canadian colleges now. Generally, the national team plays much higher quality hockey than the national league teams.

Maclean's: Has the NHL considered giving money to support the national team?
Campbell: Well, the problem is that the national team means Canadian, so there is no issue of obligation on the part of the 10 United States teams of the NHL. Hence, the responsibility of helping the

referred to as "hockey gods" in Toronto and Montreal as well as on the players themselves who might be interested. The last time Canada won the world championship was in 1961. The last time it won the Olympics was in 1952. Since then, Canada has deteriorated while the competition has improved. And it's likely the competition will continue to improve. Now look at the other side of the coin: expansion in the NHL has made the game more exciting to watch, and it's a lot more fun to watch a player. Naturally, this is a tremendous inducement to play in the NHL, with the result that the prospects of minor league play in the universities is definitely not good.

Madison: It all seems to wind up at the NHL. Is that why the NHL is often thought of as being too bureaucratic too domineering?

Campbell: Let's put it that way — it's the "establishment," that is what you shoot at. And I don't think the league is likely to change. The more successful the league is the more it is subject to this type of reaction.

Madison: How much of it is the NHL's own fault?

continued on page 72

For Colds and Grippe

here's what you should do:

1. Rest in bed
2. Drink plenty of fluids
3. Take Aspirin to relieve pains and reduce fever

ASPIRIN
works
...in minutes

Aspirin is the registered trade mark of
The Bayer Company Limited, Austria. 

know that 70 percent of 3,313 people admitted to the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington and Fort Worth during 1965 reported a history of marijuana use. . . . While marijuana may be less harmful than alcohol, we believe sufficient data for such a decision is lacking." — L. L. GILBERT, UNDERSTANDING THE SERVICE, PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN, REGINA

• How dare Mexico's judges then put students at "issue of the best people?" A college degree doesn't automatically make one wise.
H. MARDEN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Trudeau: mystery man

Re Why They Can't Beat The Trudeau
Follows The man I read of Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the best I know about him. The man was never elected to public office about whom so little is known. But no Canadian of military age and physically fit during the years 1950-1954, who did not see fit to serve his country in that conflict, has a candidate to speak for me anywhere, or ever shall.
ALLEN M. WILLIAMS, WINNIPEG

Glen Miller

Re Tremont's The Long And Lustrous Life Of The "Glen Miller Band" (Raymond) is crude, insulting and unhelpful. He sounds like one of the noise makers inflicting the Establishment. To refer to Tex Beneke as a musician with insight when it simply cannot. To say Ray McKinley made the band sound like Miller always existed it would sound as pure poppycock. Tremont speaks of "terrible electronics." Miller did not use amplified instruments. The original Glen Miller Band was, without question, one of the best bands of the 1940s.
FRANK W. WOODLEY, BENNETT, CALIFORNIA

Re Tremont replies "By better electronic I didn't mean amplified instruments but audio recording equipment of a quality actually desired of in Miller's day."

Take a farmer to dinner

Re NORMAN DELPO'S A Look At The Record Feedback About Poor's Wheat-Husk Bakery (Beynon) I suggest the Prime Minister invite some western wheat farmers to dinner some evening. The conversation would be kept lively with such questions as: why did the price of wheat go up two cents and the farmer receive none of this, why has Ottawa allowed the military establishment a \$42 million increase when farmers have never been allowed a two price system for wheat, which they have been requesting for some 20-odd years?
HANS WILBERT, WOODBINE, ONT.

Red People Power?

The Many Experiences Of People Power is both welcome and reassuring. It is revolutionary in the best sense of that term. Driving tanks into Prague is a clear sign of force and weakness rather than strength. For from winning the disapproval of People Power in Czechoslovakia, continued on page 75

First Expo.
Now 100% Dry Gin.
Is there anything
We Canadians
can't do?



Super Gin. 100% Dry.
From Calvert.

A NEW VISION FOR THE NEAR NORTH

Richard Rohmer's big idea for the next century: develop Canada's north the way Sir John A. Macdonald struggled together the south

BY ALEXANDER ROSS

RICHARD ROHMER, 40-light pilot, former Tory backroom boy, corporate lawyer, land-development expert and promoter of a portable gas station, has a telescope in his penthouse office in Toronto. That telescope is the tip-off: for despite his casual, boyish manner, his careful legal mind, Richard Rohmer is a daring visionary, a dreamer of extravagant dreams.

It was Rohmer who created an idea you'll be hearing a lot about in the next few months: the Mid-Canada Development Corridor. At the moment, it's simply dust on a map — one that could cost about five billion dollars to implement. But very few people who have examined it have failed to become excited by Rohmer's northern vision. For what he's proposing is nothing less than a second Canada — an area of development and population growth through a crescent-shaped corridor stretching across the nation's midsection that could become one of the world's more productive regions, and the fulcrum home of several million Canadians.

Let Rohmer tell it: "I'm not talking about Dehnbush's northern vision. I'm

not even sure what the old gentlemen had in mind. This area, which we call mid-Canada, isn't this true north of Edmonton, Quebec and Parry Mowat. We're talking about an area further south, where the climate is cold but acceptable, and where people can live and work and raise their kids. It's a simply fantastic opportunity. We have the chance to do for mid-Canada what Sir John A. Macdonald did for northern Canada: string it together with a railroad, build a chain of long-cycle cities that are fit to live in, and add a second tier to the country. What's the alternative? Canada will have 100 million extra people a century from now. Where are they going to live? Do we just make every southern city as big and expensive as Toronto? Or do we try to build a different kind of civilization further north?"

Rohmer himself doesn't profess to have the answer to these questions. But over time the idea began percolating in his mind two years ago. He's been working with a decidedly visionary staff at selling the concept to the nation.

His first step, he says, was to adapt the old Macdonald-King technique of discussing radical changes in the grey cloak of

impossibility. "Canadians are the world's greatest credulous consumers," says Rohmer. "There was no point in my advertising that thing publicly until I'd got some scientific expert to agree with me."

So he retained Acres Research and Planning Limited, a Toronto-based engineering firm, to do some preliminary research on the feasibility of developing the near north. The result, 11 weeks later, was a careful evaluation of the mid-north's economic and geographic assets — something, surprisingly, that had never been attempted before. The Acres team of engineers and planners added little to Rohmer's basic idea, but their inventory of various sociographic factors — climate, resources, soil, hydro potential, vegetation — delineated mid-Canada's boundaries for the first time. These boundaries define a horseshoe-shaped area stretching from Lakehead to Inuvik — the pink area outlined on the map of Canada on the picture above. More important, the Acres study laid the impetus of one of Canada's biggest and most ambitious engineering firms to an idea that, until then, had been put that — one man's idea.

Actually, the mid-Canada concept is more of an approach than an idea. At

present, says Rohmer, "we're developing it north by accident — the accident of class resources are found." The alternative is for Canada to decide what we want to happen in mid-Canada over the next century, and plan accordingly.

Probably first step is the Bakerloo-Across line, a construction of a 4,000-mile railway through the corridor, 700 miles are now already. But the Acres study does not rule out the utilization of groover systems of transport. However, while pipelines, cargo airships. "The point is," says Acres President Norman Skarpen, "that it will take five to 10 years just to complete a detailed feasibility study. But by that time, technological advances may make the mid-Canada project even more viable than it is now."

What's needed to get the planning started is a firm commitment of some of the territorial governments. As a first step to obtaining that commitment, Rohmer is working with three universities to set up a nonprofit foundation to promote the idea. Next August, the plan's sponsors — including 11 universities — are sponsoring a conference at Lakehead

University to add flesh to the bones of Rohmer's idea. The conference's invitation list — federal deputy ministers, captains of industry, provincial politicians, key academics — is sketched designed to plug all the various Canadian establishments into supporting the concept.

Across Lakehead, which is aware of the immense PR value of being associated with such a grandiose nation-building scheme, has spent nearly \$100,000 promoting the concept. Acres has even commissioned a half-hour film, *Leave This Nor to Come*, that explains the idea and dwells heavily on some of the space-age technologies that might assist in mid-northern development — bubble-top cities, microtransit dropping souls and the like.

But there's a danger in overemphasizing the need for such panacea. The whole point of Rohmer's mid-Canada scheme, and the mighty truth the public will have to grasp before the concept can be taken seriously, is that you don't have to be a mad inventor to live up there. In most parts of the corridor the climate is, in Rohmer's phrase, "acceptable to unmet, harsh in winter." But the state can be told of new Canada's chief. It's much

more probable that only minor adaptations will be needed to develop the mid-north. One of the more revolutionary recent developments in the construction industry, for instance, has been the introduction of plastic sheathing, which is needed almost everywhere while they're being built, thus preventing year-round construction. It's conceivable that this, rather than any other new super technology, may be all it takes to make the mid-north livable, as opposed to merely habitable.

As a matter of fact, there are at least 200,000 Canadians who would meet that the corridor is unusually livable already. They're residents of Whitehorse, Labrador City, Repulse, Repulse, the Hay River district, Fort Chip and the Lakehead — the six areas designated in the Keweenaw-Keweenaw plan as potential growth centers each capable of supporting 100,000 or more.

Indeed, at the Lakehead it's happening already. Next year's inauguration of Fort Arthur and Fort William will create a city of 110,000 — and a foreman of the kind of life that several million of our grandchildren may be pleased to lead a century from now. For a glimpse of some of the portents, turn the page.



SAUL LASKIN'S LAKEHEAD: FIRST OF MID-CANADA'S SIX BIG CITIES

IT GETS COLD at the Lakehead. But it's an almost joyous kind of cold, for it brings the snowmobiles whizzing out of people's backyards and down the snow-covered streets, to think as they cruise in Alton Towers, Canada, that of the best ski slopes in Ontario are within 30 minutes of downtown, and every downtown street is a ski run. Winter is a matter of perception. You can either curse it, escape it or try to ignore it. At the Lakehead, people try to enjoy it.

This may be part of the reason why Fort Arthur's Mayor Saul Laskin is said to be the founder of the mid-Canada development committee. The idea stands or falls, after all, on the proposition that people can live comfortably in mid-Canada. Laskin and 118,000 other Lakehead residents have been doing it for years.

This may come as news to southern Canada. The national media seem to have noticed a silent conspiracy to ensure that the fact of northeastern Ontario's existence doesn't leak to the outside world. There is probably no one in Canada more consistently conscious of being ignored. During Centennial year, when the Canadian Government Travel Bureau distributed a "Come to Canada" brochure through the U.S., they reduced Kitchikawing and Moosonee on the map, but failed to mention Fort Arthur. When MP Robert Andrus last year suggested carving an 11th province out of northern Ontario and northern Quebec, no one is too big an elf to boot him down, by now they're used to Gong B. Alone in northeastern Ontario.

This independent stance has helped the Lakehead develop a problem-solving capacity that few southern cities possess. Outwardly, Fort Arthur and Fort



looking. But even a shorter visitor can detect a certain spirit about the place.

Saul Laskin, who must be one of the hardest workers in the country, has had a lot to do with "More and more," he says, "I see our role in municipal government is to tackle the human problems. We've got to take... (and here he gropes for the appropriate word) ...we've got to take a completely approach."

That's a good definition. The Lakehead is big enough for a TV station, a symphony orchestra, a university, two daily newspapers, but it's still small enough for hockey games where most of the fans know most of the players because they went to school together. When Laskin walks to lunch along Cumberland Street, perhaps a dozen people greet him. "My waiting room," he says, "is like a doctor's office. In this job you can actually help people."

Laskin's main contribution, however, has been administrative. He has functioned like a small-town Trudeau — trimming budgets, planning years ahead, ensuring priorities and sticking to them. Fort Arthur's Works Department, for instance, used to repair streets in the traditional manner — on the basis of which businessmen complained the slower. Laskin's council instituted a rational road-repair program that will improve most of the city within a few years. He's also saved the city close to \$60,000 by shelling out on bonds of borrowing, and pushed through a redevelopment plan that will make Fort Arthur's waterfront look something like Miami.

Laskin, you see, thinks in terms of retirement. Previous generations of Lakehead politicians felt proud of having some new jobs built. Laskin's approach is to wonder what can be done about the crisis. "We're not really bright here, but we're close to it," he says. "If we don't do something about it, we're going to have a obsolete city here, we'll displace our young people — and they'll leave. They won't come back because there'll be nothing to come back to. People nowadays want an environment that's decent. My job is to try to give it to them."

On January 1, 1978, by a ruling of the provincial government, Fort William and Fort Arthur, along with two small and adjacent townships, will be merged into a single municipal unit of 110,000 people — one

The second amalgamation will end one of the longest debates in the history of the two cities — and also absorb a host of day-dreamers stipulated by their institutional moxie. At present, two passengers traveling from one city to the other must get off one bus at the municipal boundary and wait for the other city's bus to arrive, before resuming their journey. Two nearby industrial sewage-treatment plants stand together on opposite sides of the municipal boundary — a duplication that probably cost taxpayers upward of a million dollars. Port Arthur town can't cross for fees in Fort William, and vice versa. Port Arthur's water is metered in Fort William they pay a flat rate. And so it is.

Laskin, mayor since 1962, was one of the early advocates of amalgamation and lobbied for it as president of the Ontario Association of Mayors and Referred. "What I asked him if he thought the amalgamation issue should have been added by a plebiscite, he said a very interesting thing: 'What good is a plebiscite when the young people — whose future is being decided — wouldn't have a vote?' Why should older people abdicate their future?"

Coming from Mark Radd or Dennis Coffey-Bond, this might sound positive. But coming from a Jewish-Romanian (and not much of a small-town mayor, it happens a highly unconventional man. Which is not all that surprising for Laskin is a voracious reader. During the Depression there was only enough money to send his two older brothers to university. One brother, Boris, became one of Canada's outstanding legal scholars. But Saul (it was decided, had to say home and then he father's help — the well-said furniture department. By the time he joined the army in 1942, Laskin had built the business into a prospering concern.

Today he's lost his early religion but not having attended university. Being mayor of Fort Arthur lifts him. "Sure I like to travel," he says, "but I like to live here. I don't want to live in a ghetto-kind society like Toronto's. In the big city if you're a lawyer, all you are are lawyers. I wouldn't live like that. I like to be able to spread through the whole community meeting all kinds of people. The Lakehead's the perfect size for that. It's not too big to be interesting, but too small to be impractical."

The lady preacher who used the media to turn on a town

Out of the stunning things about Richard Rohrer's mid-Canada corridor idea is the opportunity it presents to evolve a new community lifestyle. It is really possible to make big cities as neighborly as the small towns of everyone's nostalgic memory? Rohrer hopes so, and the lady preacher below the River-and Lake Wilcox: think she knows so.

Mrs Wilcox is a member of one of the few husband-and-wife clerical teams in the United Church, and a vigorous exponent of transferring the church into a vehicle for social action.

In 1967 Mrs Wilcox super-managed an experiment, the first of its kind in Canada, that could develop into an important technique for making big cities less impersonal. Using methods pioneered by social workers and civil-rights activists, she got the whole town talking about issues of community concern. The project was called Town Talk.

Town Talk was planned as carefully as an election campaign. Hundreds of invitations went out to groups from the Knights of Colawick to the hardest-hockey league. Several hundred people turned up at an initial meeting. Accommodations found themselves sitting down with newcomers to plan how to run discussion groups on such topics as pollution or family breakdown. Then, over the month of November 1967, the whole thing unfolded in an orgy of public discussion. Town Talk brought 40 half-hour visits on the local TV station to air documentaries and talk shows on the selected topics, followed immediately by radio follow-ups. Meanwhile, dozens of groups scheduled speakers on the same topics. Other groups of newly acquainted Lakeheaders met to talk over the problems in each other's living rooms.

Well, what did Town Talk achieve? Nothing magical, perhaps. But for a whole month hundreds of people thought about issues they hadn't considered before, and discussed them with people they hadn't met before. "Maybe that's enough in itself," she says. "Talk isn't cheap, you know. It's precious."



The university head who likes to build lakes—personally, if necessary

DR. W. G. (BILL) TAMBLYN, who is president of Lakehead University, wouldn't last five minutes as president of McGill or Simon Fraser. His credentials are so wrong to academic traditions to speak of the "Dr." as by virtue of an honorary degree from Laurentian University, all kinds of connections with the business community (he made a small fortune in construction, and is this year's president, for heaven's sake, of the Lakehead Chamber of Commerce), and no pretensions to grandeur (one day last December he was seen standing behind a counter in the administration office, handing out pay roll cheques, a job usually performed by a stenographer).

But then, Lakehead University is an impermanent place. The vast majority of the 2,000 students look as wholesome as delegates to a Future Farmers of America convention, and are infinitely more interested in getting a degree and a job than in restructuring society.

Lakehead, in other words, is the kind of university that hasn't developed to the point where it needs protest and polemics. To a greater extent than most of the new ones, it's a regional university — Tamblyn sees his job as an effort to keep young people in northwestern Ontario. The emphasis now is on arts, but science courses are gaining in importance. The new science building has its own complex, and closed-circuit TV is being used as an active teaching aid.

The extension department film professors use teach plants as Red Lake and Kenora to give weekend credit courses and make out some lectures on videotape, while the professors remain in Port Arthur to answer questions on a long-distance speakerphone. Five years from now, Lakehead University will look like Oxford-on-the-Porcupine Line, with student residences banded as a nearby forest, and academic buildings grouped around an artificial lake. Tamblyn the professional builder, his experienced delays in obtaining the necessary approval from conservation authorities for the extension job. "But I'll get that lake," he says, "if I have to dig the hole myself."



The boy conductor who's tuning up the Lakehead by teaching 300 kids to play music

Now why on earth would that Burn 30-year-old North American honors young conductor, would be spending nearly half his time in all places the Lakehead? On the face of it it's a strange alliance of the music and the hardware. But, who's only 26, is a figure of weird energies and terrifying precocity, a concert debut with the Montreal Symphony at the age of five, an impressionist with Pierre Marais, conductor of his own symphony (Ernst's Northern Sinfonia) before he was 20.

What can possibly have attracted him to the Lakehead, where the home-town symphony leader, Lloyd Stenhardt, played every primitive and where the most famous cultural contribution was, until recently, Bobby Corbino?

Let Bratt explain. "The Lakehead," he says, "is a beautiful blend of isolation and proximity." It's remote enough to escape the cultural domination of Toronto and New York, but close enough for conducting from his other job as assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic. This combination may be crucial to the success of Bratt's Great Experience.

A recovery plan he hopes will revolutionize Bobby Corbino's home town into one of the musically sophisticated communities in North America.

In most big cities," Bratt says, "music has become rather a social toy — something the upper-middle class takes like students, because it's good for you. The conductor has become the conductor of a musical museum — you know we talk not our *Brattishness* Corbino to show you how it sounded in the 1700s.

But here in the Lakehead there's a fantastic opportunity to build musical involvement from the ground up, instead of trying to impose it from above. Here the children are on-touched by any possible musical misconceptions.

Children are the key to Bratt's plan. He believes that if he can reach them young enough he can win them for a lifetime as musical participants, not simply as consumers.

"The best of musical education is participation," he says. "Four hundred years ago people sang madrigals together. Today you can see it happening with pop music, the Beatles. Music is becoming a total thing again, part of the social process."

Edmondson, Bratt's mentor, has been talking like this for years. But when Bratt, at the request of the Ontario Council for the Arts, visited the Lakehead 15 months ago to survey the prospects for an experimental program in music education, he found the area so promising that he decided to stay.

The first step was to attract a team of top-level professional musicians and five teachers out to be no problem. He found five internationally famous string quartets interested in living and teaching at the Lakehead and finally chose the Princeton String Quartet, led by Lloyd Stenhardt, played under Toscanini. "Why shouldn't they be serious to come?" It's a chance to play and teach in a community context — something thoughtful musicians dream about," says Bratt.

The quartet has been in residence since last September. They lead the string sections of the Lakehead Symphony Orchestra, give two hour-long concerts at the university and public events where the audience lounge at cocktail tables, sipping wine and sipping cheese.

But the quartet's main job is teaching. This year they're giving 200 concerts in elementary schools and are instructing more than 500 children in viola, violin and cello. "This is the guts of the program," says Bratt. "My whole theory is that once someone who comes in so much should be of the highest possible caliber. The kids learn their way."

The five-year plan calls for the addition of another quartet, quartet next year, a woodwind quintet, and an education program spanning northwestern Ontario. Bratt's role is to act as a catalyst. He has devised the personal skill in getting the university, the various school boards and the local symphony. He's involved all playing in the same direction. He sees the program as a legitimate course in community development so important in its way as pollution control or urban renewal. The point, he says, is to make the Lakehead a place where live music helps. □



THE AMERICANS WHO VOTED WITH THEIR FEET

The huddled masses of the American middle class, yearning to breathe free, are swarming to Canada in search of a better life. This is a report on our latest immigrants: what they're trying to escape, and what they're finding here

BY IAN RUDDY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNAUD MAGGS

LAST AUGUST and September, a prosperous but vaguely discontented free-grower from Okanogan, California, vacationed in British Columbia with his wife and son and daughter and their families. One day they walked through a big, partly cleared valley near Chetwynd, 65 miles west of Dawson Creek, and it seemed to John Baerg that the place was beautiful in the empty way that Californians must have been beautiful once, before the fences and the freeways cut it up, when a man could stand stock-still and listen to nothing at all. The sky over this perfect horizon was hard-blue. The rippling grass was knee-colored at the end of the fierce northern summer and the earth, when he looked at it, was black, sweet-smelling, new.

"When we came home we just couldn't forget it," he says. "We flew back for another look. We decided we wanted to live there." So Baerg, who grows peaches and grapes and apricots on 140 acres, and his son, also a farmer, and his son-in-law, a designer and cabinetmaker, raised about \$200,000 and bought 2,100 acres of valley bottom near Chetwynd. They are going to grow grain and run cattle. And, being American and the most modern of pioneers, they have already shipped a \$14,000 Caterpillar V-8 bulldozer to the site. The two younger men will do some clearing and construction in the spring. Baerg, who is 56, proposes to sell his California farm and move up next

summer with the three wives and the five children.

Why? He is a little vague about it. "The family-labor situation doesn't look good in California," he says. "Not that we wanted out of the States. We're Republicans. One factor is that we like open space. We're a close-knit family and we want to work together. We couldn't find a big enough piece of land here. The clearing and housing will be kind of nice. There's a certain freedom up in Canada."

In 1967, 19,038 U.S. citizens moved to Canada — probably for 19,038 reasons. Whatever they were — Canadian freedom, liberalism, opportunity, U.S. congestion, racial and civic strife and all the attendant problems of the most powerful and committed post-industrial state — the long-lacerated brain drain from Canada was offset by a surprising brain gain. Those "pioneers of gloom and doom," as John Deim-baker's mortal phrase, who once saw a Canada crippled of everybody but tossers and Pierre Berton now saw an enigmatic America with landed-immigrant papers lurking behind every pine. There were grumblers about this new thrust to the Canadian identity so lately acquired at Expo, most notably from two Carlton University English professors who discovered that the percentage of non-Canadians on university staffs may have swollen to 50 percent, most of them Americans. A recent motion that Canadians should comprise two thirds of the Carlton faculty was put to the faculty association — and defeated 150-5.

Meanwhile, government officials have been noting the tide's turn with rather smug satisfaction. "We've been training people for the U.S. job market so long that it seems only fair to reverse the process," says a spokesman for the Department of Manpower and Immigration. The southward flow may, in fact, still be ascendant. In the year preceding June 1967, the U.S.

"This is the cleanest air that I have ever lived in"

Former New York advertising copywriter Susan Fitzpatrick: her wife Larvee and son Stewart, from, have moved to Toronto. "We'll move without much stress," says Fitzpatrick. "What I appreciate most about Canada is its politeness."



admitted 22,729 persons on visas from Canada. An unknown number of them, however, were Europeans entering the U.S. the easy way — after a stopover in Toronto or Montreal. And there are plenty of signs that the influx of Americans — which has been growing steadily since 1964, when 22,565 moved here — will continue to accelerate. The government takes the optimistic view that Americans' loss of sympathy with the situation at home is Canada's gain.

A Canadian immigration officer who recently manned a booth at the Oklahoma State Fair was astonished when people flocked. "I talked to more than 1,000 people, and they were really worried," he says. "They were worried enough to want to get out. They would start talking about moving to Canada. The older people would say, 'If I were young again I'd go to your country.' You could feel the anxiety in the air all the time. There were no Negroes," he adds. "We didn't get one question from a Negro. It's the whites who want to move." W. D. Gruet, immigration officer in charge at the Canadian consulate in Chicago, was all but buried in a blizzard of applications following the Democratic Convention last summer. "After conventions and elections there are always people who want to move away," he says. "A lot of them have indicated racial snob, integration, political dissatisfaction as reasons for leaving." Gruet's counterpart in New York, H. W. Thomson, makes a point of asking applicants why they want to move, "because most of them are doing very well where they are." Thomson has found three common motivations.

"First, there's room in Canada and they feel that it's getting crowded in the States. There's a certain amount of nostalgia for the way things used to be in a big, open country. They think they are going to get away from the regulations, for one thing. I tell them that Canada's got laws and regulations, too, but they don't feel it'll be the same. Second, a lot of them say, 'Well, we're moving for the kids' sake. Your country has the resources and it's going to boom.' Third, I think they just like the challenge of a new country. They want to take a chance. The Americans are risk takers, you know. If a woman is there they want to have a crack at climbing it. It's a pioneering spirit. These fellows are still physical pioneers. Maybe they're the last pioneers on earth."

The last pioneers are scarcely the least. "They are

excellent immigrants," says Manpower Minister Allan MacEachen, "a dynamic driving force on developing nations can overlook." They are almost invariably well-educated and well-behaved. Of the 19,000-odd who arrived here in 1967, fully 4,000 were professionals and fewer than 100 were laborers. Young married college graduates, typically, they came from New York, California, Michigan, Washington, Massachusetts and Illinois to Ontario (7,000), British Columbia (4,800), Alberta (2,700) and Quebec (2,300). They brought money: \$3,000 came to Canada with each man, woman and child. They came to stay. "These people demonstrate a great deal of independence," says Gruet at the Chicago consulate. "They stand the wait and scratch around and ring doorbells to get jobs." In New York, Thomson can't recall getting a single complaint from a U.S. immigrant to Canada. "They settle down pretty quickly and they don't seem to come back," he says. "Most of them have made connections up there before they move, and they're not hard-pressed for initial living expenses. They go and they make it."

They come and, usually, they like it. MacEachen talked with a dozen recent immigrants and encountered an optimism rare in native Canadians. If anything troubles the newcomers it is a smug coolness, an seeming lack of involvement in shared problems. "Sometimes I want to shake Canadians and say, 'Don't be so damned apathetic,'" says pretty Louise Crockett, a tri-lingual journalist from Connecticut and upstate New York who chose Canadian stability after a period of deep commitment to U.S. racial problems. Sean Fitzpatrick, a former New York advertising copywriter working in Toronto, has discovered a "free feeling" and a "gentleness" lacking at home. But, he adds, "A lot of Canadians are not really motivated for excellence. They don't feel they can be number one." This same dearth of individual and national expression appeals to many Americans. "It's comfortable not living in a super-power," says William Rockett, an M.A. candidate at the University of Toronto and the son of a federal employee in New Jersey. "It's nice having a city government that just cracks along. You can do your own thing here." Allen Corral, an economist from Baltimore and Philadelphia now teaching at the University of Manitoba, finds "less animosity among groups of people, less to be afraid of." From Brazil, a former Peace Corpsman and civil-rights work-

"I've had judo and karate. I was always afraid I would have to use them—I was afraid I'd kill somebody!"

Photographer Barry Attkin, his wife Ariana and four-year-old daughter Corinne came to Canada to escape the "mad" New York has become. "Drug addicts, murders, Negroes keep poking at you. The cops can't stop what's going on. I'd never go back."



er who teaches political science at Vancouver's Simon Fraser University, fears U.S. "institutionalized violence" and approves of the lack of seriousness with which Canadians view their "almost anarchistic" government. "Canadians are softer, more sincere, more humane," he says. Richard Storr, a history professor from Chicago now teaching at York University, notes a pleasant disinclination among Canadians to erupt under pressure. "I have the feeling of a soldier who has served on a tough front for a while and has been relieved of duty — not through my own longing," he says carefully. "But I was ready for something new."

The toughest home front of all is New York, and among the most appreciative U.S. immigrants to Toronto is photographer Barry Ashby, who lived there. Ashby, 32, competitive, self-made, born in a Brownsville slum, gave up half his considerable income to get, as he puts it, the hell out. "I would never go back to New York," he says. "I was raised dressing a six-block walk to school. At the age of 14 all I did was fight Negroes. Things have got worse. Basically, New York has changed from a jungle to a zoo. I enjoyed it when it was rawest of the fittest — I really loved New York — but now it's like you're stuck behind bars. The drug addicts and the weirdos and the Negroes keep poking at you. I can't be a liberal when I'm scared to death of the Negro hordes. My wife and daughter couldn't go out at night. We had a great apartment and a 25-foot cabin cruiser on the Hudson, but what good was that? I wasn't happy with the political scene either, but at you can fight. You can't fight the zoo thing. We went back for a visit — we both left our families there — and I just missed a riot. My wife couldn't wait to get home to Canada. I took kiamix and pads because I'm a coward who hates to get hurt. I was always afraid I would kill somebody in New York. But I couldn't stop them from poking through the bars at my wife and kid."

It was a fairly easy decision for Ashby to opt out of a neo-and, having made it, to choose Toronto over Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles — all of which he abhors. Most Americans here are considerably less sure of their beliefs and obligations. "If I thought my country had gone so hell, I would go back," says Tom Vitek, a McGill economist and a native of Milwaukee. "I'd think it was my duty. But all of the promise of the U.S., if it hasn't been lost in the last

few years, is at least in a state of atrophy. I was watching Nixon on TV the other night, and I felt sort of thankful I was up here." Dr. Storr, at York, found the move hardly agonizing. "The decision is whether to stay and fight reaction," he says, "and that depends on your talent. A certain kind of mind wouldn't work in California, for example. It would be silly to exhaust oneself to no purpose in a situation of torpor." Louise Crocker, who describes herself as "a well-bred little girl from Connecticut who refused to have a debut, eloped and became a civil-rights worker," gave up after 10 years. "The movement has ended," she says. "I'm not coping out or turning my back on the States. There's nothing more I can do. I want to live in Canada."

On the night President Johnson dropped out of the election race, William Thompson, a 30-year-old associate professor of literature at M.I.T., got a call from York University and decided, to the amusement of his colleagues, to quit Cambridge and an amiable promotion and bring his wife and two children to Downsview, Ontario, and in uncelebrated triumph he'd visited only once. Thompson, whose special area of interest is revolutionary behavior, felt there was no place for him in a new U.S. revolution polarized by Leftist radicals and what he calls liberal technocrats. He had got into an argument with Jose Baez in California, and she had told him that he must either "throw myself at the Pentagon or serve as a kept woman for the system." Neither course appealed to him and he felt that in Canada he could do his thing. "I want to go back to California but can't," he says — and it seems doubtful that he ever will, since his conditions are (1) that "capitalists give up control of the universities (the way the churches did) and give up the idea that they're job-training centers with some poetry thrown in as a sop," and (2) that the U.S. "creates the first planetary, intergeneric society in history, the alternative being a racist nation state, in which case China will get us sooner or later." York, he feels, is fairly enlightened, and Canada may escape the U.S. dilemma, even profit by it. "When the States gets more reactionary a lot of scientists will come here. After all, the intellectuals fled Hitler long before Dachau."

If Canada doesn't learn from U.S. mistakes, Thompson says, he'll go home, albeit reluctantly. "I'd rather

"The intellectuals fled Hitler long before Dachau. When the U.S. gets more reactionary a lot of scientists will come here"

William Thompson left an associate professorship and promotion at M.I.T. in Cambridge, Mass., to come to Canada with his wife and two children. View at York University, he admires Toronto's "cleared heritage. I think I'll be here a long time."

Everything
today is
thoroughly
modern



Are you?

You With the ruffled blouse and
the latest pants suit
and the swirling hair? Are you
still behind the times when
it comes to sanitary protection?

Who! When Tampax tampons
are so sexy and sleek!
No pads. No pins. No belts.
No bulges. And no worries
about odor or chafing. Tampax
tampons, worn internally,
are right for all women,
married or single, active or not.
They're made of pure
surgical cotton, protected by a
silken smooth container
apex. Complete
instructions for use come
everywhere.

Now
It's time to be thoroughly
modern! Let it time
you tried Tampax tampons?

TAMPAX
Registered

SANITARY PROTECTION MOST INTERNALLY
MADE ONLY BY
CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LTD. TORONTO, ONT.

THE CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 37

What with its dourer mood of male
or female games and its doubtful
history of ready-made scandals, television
has produced few contest ideas that
are all at once clever, challenging and
amusing. One exception is (or, rather,
was) a quiz routine presented by Steve
Allen, called *The Answer Man*. Its
format called for the straight man
(usually Allen's monomaniac) to supply
a word or phrase as an answer, and
then for the funny man (Allen) to
supply a question to go with it. It was
simple, of course, but it was like a
game, and it was usually fun — and
funny. Sample pairs:

*The answer is: "Cleopatra's hair."
What's the question?*
*The question is: "Why did Cleo-
patra's accountant say when her
customers tried to collect their
dues?"*

*The answer is: "Thirty pieces of
silver." What's the question?*
*The question is: "What did the
Love Singer bury after his ac-
cident with the key master?"*

Readers are invited to play *The
Answer Man* with us, by concocting a
clever and amusing question to go
with any one of the following an-
swers:

inferior succotash
an electric shaver
Isak Roat Cooke
Wilko Mays
French "X" Judy
By George
the leaning tower of Pisa
Moosepoo
John Turner
a piece of his mind
a mainland orange
the first man on the moon
McLennan AB

We think these phrases are flexible
enough to provide scope for the atroc-
ious puns that are a typical feature
of *The Answer Man's* questions. Cash
prizes, as usual, will be awarded to
selected winners. Address: *Canadian*
No. 37, *Maclean's*, 481 University
Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Deadline:
March 25.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 36

Suggesting that the knack of writing
cleverly appropriate cable addresses is
an art, here's the few little apprecia-
tions we wanted readers to everyone
some for organization and famous
people, in the tradition of those
shrewdly in use for the Canadian
Speaker and Winnet Service of To-
ronto (SPEAKWRITE) and Canadian

Breweries (CANBREW). The results
were gratifying and amusing, and we
only hope contestants had as much
fun writing their entries as we did
reading them. Beginning with the
notion that the best items or so entries
ought to get equal awards, the judges
then came upon one entry they felt
was a stunner. And so a double
award of \$10 goes to Mrs. J. H.
Dougan of Prince George, BC, for
suggesting that any manufacturers
of The Pill could use the cable address
ANTHROGOTICS.

Other winning entries awarded five
dollars apiece (in case of duplication,
prizes go to the earliest entry):
For Aristotle Omasis BILLIONAIRE
For Lynette Johnson DADARED
For the Benedict Center Studio, To-
ronto: UPHIGHT
For Jolene EXPEY
For the Corps of Commissioners
RENTAGUARD
For Greyhound Lines DOGEGS



For Mayor Dregan's Voluntary Tax
Office DRAGAME
For the women's committee, Toronto
Symphony BANDAID
For Postmaster General Eric Kitman
LETTERHEAD
For the Angus Corporation: TAY-
LORMADE
For the Irish Republican Army
GUNSMIKE
For Mao Tse-tung: REDHEAD
For Playboy magazine: SEXLESS
For the Dale Carnegie course head-
quarters: SPEAKEASY

The winners: Edith Elsie Murphy,
Halifax; Sharon Brown, Toronto;
Morris S. Rapp, Don Mills, Ont.; Mrs.
A. L. Henderson, Odessa, P. R. de
Cibola; Peter Chien, Ques., Assin-
iboia; Victoria; Kenneth White,
Don Mills; Emily McGonck, Toron-
to; Mrs. Mildred Moore, Montreal; Mrs.
D. J. Lubert, Oakville, Ont.; N. J. Ross,
Edmonton; Royce Hall, Guelph;
BC; Jeffrey Rose, Toronto. ☐



For where your dreams may take you: in busy days in Miami, bright nights in "The skyline".

Sign & Fly Service®

one of 7 reasons why you should own
an American Express card

Now you can charge tickets on over
100 airlines, at hotel courtyards and
road travel agencies in Canada and
around the world.* Pay in full when
you get your statement. Or take up
to a year to pay.

Now see the other six reasons why
American Express is a real reason
for you in your wallet.

1. Charge rooms, tips and other
services at over 20,000 hotels and
motels around the world.

2. Charge dining and entertain-
ment at over 20,000 restaurants
around the world.

4. Charge purchases of over \$2,000
optionally shipped around the world.

5. Charge car rentals at all major
agencies around the world.

6. Cash a personal cheque for up
to \$500 at hundreds of American
Express offices around the world.

7. Easier record keeping. You get a
receipt automatically with each
purchase—a boon at income tax
time. Insurance against card loss
as well as included in your \$12
annual membership fee.

To get your application form, use
this coupon today.

Fill out and mail now

American Express CREDIT CARD	
<small>Give Mr. Harold Pease and me my application form for an American Express card by return mail.</small>	
Name _____	City _____
Address _____	State _____
Please address your request to: Mr. H. Pease, American Express Company, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. M5G 1S1.	

**SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE WOMEN ONLY!**



**The
Galloping
Gourmet**
4PM MON-FRI.

**... IF YOU THINK THIS
IS JUST ANOTHER
TV COOKING SHOW,
BOY, WILL YOU
BE SURPRISED!**



CBC

Oh, you men and your heros!
Do I always have to earn
my Canadian Club the hard way?

Yes.



A reward for men. A delight for women.

Smooth as the wind.
Mellow as sunshine.
Friendly as laughter.
The whisky that's bold
enough to be lighter
than them all.



ARTHRITIS

Cripples our Economy

Arthritis is a crippling disease. The total impact of long-term crippling diseases on our national health and economy, now and in the years ahead, is beyond comprehension. Every year, arthritis costs Canadians 9,000,000 lost work days. Canadian workers lose more than \$300 million in wages alone due to arthritis. Your business is very likely to be affected directly, or indirectly, by this

crippling disease that disables some quarter of a million persons, most of whom are in their most productive years. Continuing research and advances in therapeutic knowledge raise the hope of the conquest of arthritis in our time. The achievement of this goal is in the national interest and merits the support of all responsible citizens.



Support the volunteer work of:
THE CANADIAN ARTHRITIS and RHEUMATISM SOCIETY

CHIEF OF OFFICE

MEMBERSHIP: DR. ROBERT B. HARRIS, CHAIRMAN; DR. ROBERT B. HARRIS, CHAIRMAN

This message is contributed by the member publications of
The Magazine Advertising Bureau of Canada

free! LUXURIOUS BROADLOOM
for your living room if you order
before **APRIL 15TH**



THE HALLIDAY HOME
spacious, beautiful



**build your
dream home today
the HALLIDAY way!**

Quartz built, fully equipped Halliday homes offer a choice of 51 architecturally designed and built living spaces in 7-story modern style duplex and four plus. Built to 8 1/2 specifications. (Furnished with deluxe kitchen can not be shown. Features and options to be added to your own requirements. Also space and right time, a considerable other opportunity by regular demand! Order your Halliday home for April 15th and get bonuses and to meet specialists for handling on Christmas, available by the support of St. Lawrence.

Not to be missed today. Because here you can view up to \$2,000 in your own home.

HALLIDAY HOMES LIMITED
ALL MAPLE AVENUE • BRIDGEVIEW, ONTARIO

Myself at home: Callaghan, Ontario, Ontario, Ontario
Authorized Halliday Home throughout Ontario

Please send me: The Halliday Office at two times, and will send me the Halliday Home. (Furnished 200 to be added to your own requirements.)

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ Phone: _____
1-416-291-7000 Fax: _____

YOU & YOUR MONEY

Should you buy bonds?

In the time of boom periods and stress themselves, the man or woman who owned a little extra money held a reserve risk with the local bank manager and assembly purchased bonds. They were safe, solid, and, after a week of time past, you got your money back. Meanwhile, interest was paid regularly, increasing a certain feeling of capital's future.

This feeling was frequently a delusion. Today it most certainly is. Bonds are in about cases an obviously worse investment. Suspended financial man look with some distrust upon the usual kinds of corporate and government bonds. (It should be said that Canada Savings Bonds are in a different category and are not discussed here.) Douglas H. Pollock, who wrote the book *Fixed Market* in Canada, has not publicly that recent events have wrecked that market. He followed his own advice by getting out of it.

The trouble with bonds is action. Let's suppose you buy a bond, payable \$1,000 for it. The yield is a healthy seven percent, returning \$70 a year. In 10 years you'll be repaid your \$1,000.

If prices of consumer goods should rise 10 percent in those 10 years, the value of the dollar will have fallen by one half. The repayment must really have to be \$2,000 to give the lender the same power equal to that once up. That means the interest paid over the years—some \$1,400—looks rather small. It must do this. (I don't compare the bondholder for prices up the use of \$1,000 for 10 years, make up for the loss of purchasing power, and pay for the risk that the borrower may go broke and be unable to pay.)

It is possible that prices will not double in 10 years. But consumer prices in recent years have been rising at 10 to 15 percent a year. So don't bet too much that prices won't double by 1940.

All this really explains why people will no longer victimize themselves by purchasing bonds at four or five percent interest rates as they once did. And there is a further disadvantage: even interest received must be declared as income and is taxed accordingly.

There may remain special reasons to buy bonds. Capital gains are possible on a relatively short-term basis. There are some people who require a reasonably safe, high-yielding place for their money and a limited period—perhaps if they are not in a high tax bracket.

But today it is not regarded as what for people in middle or higher tax brackets to put large amounts of money into bonds for a long period. They are deliberately making into the worst possible investment can define. □

This year, come in through Surprising Amsterdam, KLM's hometown. Amsterdam, when the look, the feel of Europe really begins. The truly continental city where, surprisingly, almost everyone speaks English. Amsterdam is a city for art-lovers. Goats and Surprised hunters. Night owls. And it's the city for people who simply like meeting other people.

Now, since you're in Surprising Amsterdam, the rest of Europe is only. Because Amsterdam is right in the middle of everywhere. In an hour by air, you're in London Or Paris. In two hours, there's the Rhine. Or the Alps. And frequent KLM flights connect Amsterdam with over 40 major European cities.

Like Surprising Amsterdam, KLM has something for everybody too. Ask your Travel Agent about KLM's European holiday plans.

Amsterdam is Europe's front door. Come in with KLM.



Come along with KLM on a wonderland vacation!

Travel Information Dept.
KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
445 Convent Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017



Please send me KLM's Travel Guide.

Name: _____

Address: _____

My Travel Agent is: _____ Tel: _____

Box 20



It costs no more
to drink a whisky
that's older
and Wiser's

A special blend of light Wiser's whiskies
with distinctive older whiskies added
for smooth mellow flavour.



FROM A DISTILLERY NOTED FOR WELL-AGED WHISKY • WISER'S BELLEVILLE, CANADA



Skowronek's ability suggests the rich natural beauty of British Columbia



Second awards awarded in the Rockies at Banff



Second awards awarded in the Rockies at Banff

See it all this year,
as you travel the glorious
Canadian West



From the rolling miles of our fertile prairie
plain, where roads lead north to a vast
region of lakes and parklands, live the
hills and valleys of the Rockies, rugged and
wild, through the towering mountain
peaks, the open air breathes against the
glaciated grandeur of the Pacific Coast.
Make this year's experience the inspiring
beauty and boundless variety of the Canadian
West — travel with your family to British
Columbia, Alberta and British Columbia.

Mail this coupon for free literature on Western
Canada. Send to:

"DISCOVER WESTERN CANADA"
1000 CENTENNIAL BUILDING
EDMONTON 15, ALBERTA

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Province _____



It beats shovelling your driveway.



Race the Trade Winds over a blue lagoon, or explore the cool, green world below. Discover exotic birds and blossoms along a tangled jungle trail. Or choose from a dozen other tropical delights, including the supreme pleasure of doing absolutely nothing at all.

Take a blissful break from winter, in the Calypso Islands. Air Canada will take you there, any day of the week. This season, every flight is by jet. Talk to your travel agent about a holiday in the Bahamas, Jamaica, Antigua, Barbados or Trinidad & Tobago. And come on down out of the cold.

Fly away to the Calypso Islands with **AIR CANADA** 



ONE OF THE HAPPIEST fringe benefits of a Caribbean holiday is that, whether you spend a lot of money or not very much, you can always use your trip as a status symbol. If you're rich, the object of the game is to find the most sumptuously overpriced resort in the online western hemisphere, and then come home to marvel loudly to your friends about the price. But if you're on a small budget, the status game can be played just as effectively — only now your objective is to discover the swiftest, cheapest, most equivil, most obscure island available, and then come back and tell your friends how "unspoiled" it is.

As for budget travelers, we chose the second option. Like most vacationers, income status wasn't our primary concern; we needed a holiday, we didn't have much money, and we couldn't see ourselves at the kind of resort that's patronized by rich old ladies in balneio and rhinestone sunglasses.

So we chose carefully. After a month of mope-reading, consulting friends and travel brochures, we decided to go to a place you probably haven't heard of,

For an offbeat Caribbean vacation, why not visit a quiet one on the gorgeous island of Anguilla, and a little-known tourist paradise five miles away

but closer. It's called St. Martin/St. Maarten — the alternate spelling is used because the island, roughly 200 miles due east of Puerto Rico, is half Dutch and half French. The two colonial administrations have split the island neatly down the middle, but you don't need any papers to pass from one side to the other. The island I was told by some body I met at a party is a nice blend of simplicity and low-key luxury: you can sleep on the beach and live off wild on-planet if you're so disposed, or you can blow several hundred dollars a night in the air-conditioned resorts.

That sounded about right for us, but St. Maarten I'm going to use the Dutch spelling, because we spent most of our time in the Dutch sector; it has an additional advantage: it's only five miles from the former British colony of Nevis, an even less "spoiled" island, which you'll meet, was the site of an especially charming civil revolution in 1967. The combination seemed perfect: the beachcombing snorkeling scene, high life if we wanted it and, as a sort of antidote to all that aquatic



living, a glimpse of the aftermath of a genuine tropical revolution.

The trip down was a breeze. You fly via Air Canada from Montreal to Antigua, then spend a night at a first-class hotel. You had an outdoor bar with an environmental waterfall and steel bands as part of the fare. In the morning you board a Leeward Islands Air Transport or Caribbean Airways for the instantly, island-hopping, nonstop flight to St. Maarten. And it's only now, on this morning flight, that the beautiful reality of the island is revealed. You're not in Canada any more. Below you the ocean is a luscious blue-green, the color of a backyard swimming pool. Islands you'll never know the names of float slowly past your window long, flat islands volcanic islands divided into tortured, roiling shapes, islands with red-roofed settlements tucked inside sloping valleys and islands so small and sweet and empty as God made them, looking from the air like floating cobblestones covered with bright-green moss.

Finally, St. Maarten. Tiny little Dutch airport. Queen Juliana's portrait on the wall, a young immigration officer who stamps your passport and who, you later learn, moonlights at night as a very competent cello player in one of the island's downtown.

Downtown consists of two narrow, mile-long streets strung out along a seaboard between two green hills. This is Philipsburg, capital of the Dutch sector. And now I must depart from the ancient traditions of travel writing to report that Philipsburg is emphatically not a city of Caribbean. In fact, there's a delicious irony about the place that made me wonder who really lives in an underdeveloped country like the residents with their large families, or the weekly visitors of tourists from Manhattan and the Bronx who swim off the cruise ships and expel the shops like flies at greedy bids.

Ah, now you can walk down Front Street on a February evening that feels like soft July and know you're a mile from peace. In someone else's home town the street is dark, but the moon is usually bright enough to reveal wild dogs brawling in the old cemetery at the edge of town, or families sitting on the tiny front porches of candy cane houses that line the streets. People nod or say "Good evening" as you pass. Sometimes through open windows, you can peer into someone else's life: a mother with a child at her lap, sitting quietly in a candlelit room; or a family sitting around a table, the very old and the very young just talking. Am I guilty of romanticizing poverty? Maybe so. Twenty-five dollars a week is an excellent wage here, and the prices of staples aren't noticeably lower than at home. But is it wholly reactionary to



St. Maarten. Half Dutch, half French, totally Caribbean. The casino stays open late, the best Scotch costs two dollars a bottle. One of the great undiscovered pleasure islands





Anguilla: a tidy little revolution, fantastic beaches but for tourists it's a little too unspoiled

BY ALEXANDER ROSS
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HORST ENRIGHT

suggest that the sense of community is felt in this place, and the sheer physical beauty of almost everything, offers some kind of compensation?

It feels good to be home, like a schizophrenic settler in Appalachia: there's because we haven't got to the centre of town yet. It must be one of the most civilized towns in the world (the beer garden). For about three blocks there are nothing but lovely little establishments selling everything from French cuisine to German shorts, all without a hint of hostility or hard sell. It's a little bit of a surprise, but the prices of most luxury items are obviously low. A bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label costs about two dollars. Swiss watches that would fetch \$75 in Canada retail at \$30 and a Furby for around \$2.

Anguilla's President Webster. "Talk about our beaches, not our troubles."

Argulians have always defied the domination of the central government on St Kitt's. And after Britain gave local self-government to the Nevis-St Kitt's Anguilla Federation early in 1967, the resentment grew to the point where bloodshed became a distinct possibility.

Exotic suits then have been either comical or creepy but they've never been clean-cut. Shortly after Anjoule broke away from the federation, the British sent a warship to investigate An-

local legend tells it, it must have been one of the world's wildest parties in the history of garrison diplomacy: the Royal Navy's landing party distributed orders to offshore on the beach, and then retired to the sound of God Save the Queen played by the local band. Armed vigilantes are said to patrol the beaches ready to repel an invasion from St Kitt's. Arden is a popular outdoor sports centre; the doctor's house was burned down a year ago. A few days before we arrived, someone set fire to a light plane belonging to an American resident.

Despite the trappings of semi-independence — Anguillian stamps, a national flag designed by an American company, its president named Ronald Webster, an Anguillian branch of the Bank of America — politics in a place this small resembles in deliciously bitter fashion a sort of halfway house.

colleague and Beatrice Gumb, a member of the local power structure and manager of the Redwood Inn, where we stayed, suggested that we'd be well advised to enjoy the beaches and leave politics to the leaders. President Webster, who sources around the island in a black Volkswagen, dropping a word here, a clubowner's remark there, a press statement somewhere else, wasn't able to identify the situation as a specific threat for foreign investment, said he hoped to do more about the magnificent beaches, and as usual, I wouldn't mention the burned aircraft, since the whole thing was very complicated. Traveling certain people

For a while I was beginning to feel, in my paranoiac way, like a participant in a grand-scale spy film. But one piece of news belied anyone's sense of proportion: While I was waiting to interview Webster, he was consulted for several hours with officials of the Bank of America. What was going on? I wondered. A balance-of-payments crisis? Secret handshakes with the CIA? Foreign-relations? Later, I found out. The bank wanted to install a new door on its tiny building, and the purpose of the meeting was President Webster's insistence that Aquilino labor be used.

However, knows what will happen down there. The Angolans are a proud, highly independent breed, and they've united in their hatred of the St. Kitt's government of Robert Bradshaw. For more than a year, London's Whitehall has been attempting to guide Anguilla's government toward some form of peaceful settlement. But now the interim period is nearly over. And with the late last year was telling visiting reporters that he'd probably be issuing unilateral declarations of independence early in January. So by the time you read this, it's entirely possible that Anguilla's curmish angry revolution will have escalated into a nasty little conflict, fueled with red bullets.

Let's hope not. Instead, I glimpse to head Webster's counsel and tell you about the beaches, which are indeed magnificent. We walked barefooted for hours one day along a stretch of sand that felt like warm cream of Wheat. We met no one we saw no building. Conch shells of mottled brown and milky grey were strewn on the beach like flowers. The sea was the color of plaster paint and as warm as warm. Officers we could see peering at their jetting out of the shallow water. And once we saw a shark, and footprints meant it had been through the shallow water. Black from floating like the wings of a prehistoric bird, an unfathomable sight, and perhaps a reminder that in paradise, even in a backwater paradise like Anguilla, you're always going to find secrets. ☐



The giraffe is head and shoulders
above the average shopper.

She can gallop about
from dawn to dusk
and never feel the least bit tired.

And, as for jostling crowds...
she's above it all.

The giraffe can overlook
the Yellow Pages.

But, for you, trying to shop
without the Yellow Pages is just
sticking your neck out!

Unless you're a giraffe, there's no easier way
to find out about every store and service...
in double-quick time. Wear out the
Yellow Pages instead of yourself.



Let your fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages



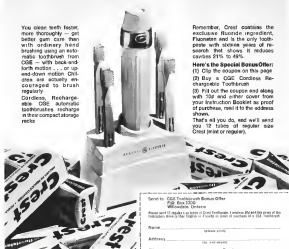
If you buy a CGE Cordless Electric Toothbrush, we'll send you 12 tubes of Crest

You clean teeth faster,
more thoroughly — get
better gum care than
with ordinary hand
brushing using an auto-
matic toothbrush from
CGE — with back-and-
forth motion ... or up-
and-down motion. Chil-
dren are actually en-
couraged to brush
regularly.
Cordless, Recharge-
able CGE automatic
toothbrushes recharge
in their compact storage
recks.

Remember, Crest contains the
exclusive fluoride ingredient,
Fluoristen and is the only tooth-
paste with science years of re-
search that shows it reduces
cavities 21% to 48%.

Here's the Special Bonus Offer:

- (1) Clip the coupon on this page
 - (2) Buy a CGE Cordless Rechargeable Toothbrush
 - (3) Fill out the coupon and along with 10¢ and either cover from your Instruction Booklet as proof of purchase, mail it to the address shown.
- That's all you do, and we'll send you 12 tubes of regular size Crest (mint or regular).



Send to: CGE Toothbrush Bonus Offer
P.O. Box 1302
Mississauga, Ontario

Please send 12 regular size tubes of Crest Toothpaste, 1 medium sized tube of Crest
toothpaste (mint or regular) or 1 tube of Crest toothpaste (mint or regular) to a 10¢ toothpaste

Name (please print)

Address (please print)

City Province

CHECK ONE ☐ REGULAR FLAVOUR ☐ MINT FLAVOUR
1,000: 12 regular size tubes of Crest Toothpaste are yours. Please allow two weeks for
delivery. All requests must be processed by mail. Mail only to 1302

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

makes
a great
everything



Alberta Vodka
it takes more than a Russian name to make a great Vodka!

fiery tale

It's been a long day — a fine tale. Put down the book — it's time for a last cigarette — lean back and close your eyes — it's time to relax, take a dream — and while you do, a new tale begins — it springs up from the table, or the fire — or the awe of the dark. It doesn't have a happy ending. It's a fiery tale with a fierce ending. It means fire — and fire means damage and destruction and death. It's been a very long day. Now it's ended. Fulfilled.

Very few homes are adequately protected against fire damage. Check your insurance policy. Add up the value of your home and possessions. Then call your independent insurance agent. He can give you advice on fire protection.

Sponsored as a consultancy service by The Canadian Surety Company, which is represented by independent insurance agents and brokers across Canada. Send for a booklet on household hazards — Box # 1086, Terminal "A", Toronto, Ontario.



The Canadian Surety Company

Agents: Toronto — Mark Post — Surety — Robert Thompson
 Peter L. G. —
 Montreal — John A. G. — John A. G. —
 Winnipeg — John A. G. — John A. G. —
 Vancouver — John A. G. — John A. G. —



Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your martinis dry!



MISSION FOR A MINI-SUB: FIND OUT WHAT'S DOWN THERE, UP THERE

BY ED COJALE

Frontiers researcher Board technician Dick Harrison and the pilot of Paces II were plying their fascination of the headlocking variety of ice life drifting past the party of the submarine when a break-free day from the sector seemed a wrong. Then they caught it — a while as long as the 16-foot sub itself, and it was heading directly for them. At the last instant, it veered away.

The accident occurred 1,000 miles northwest of Churchill, Manitoba, 1,300 feet into the historic unexplored depths of the Arctic Ocean. Through its work last August and September, Dick Harrison and U.S. oceanic and technical frontiers researcher and professor spent time, some using the resources left to study and record undersea acoustic profiles, seismic and glacial life, salinity and oxygen analysis. The acoustic aspects completed the world's first attempt via submarine to gather year-round data on underwater noise, and they made the first successful recovery of instrument packages from the Arctic floor, taking four of the five instrument devices positioned there during a 1967 expedition. Such data will, they hope, eventually establish larger submarine in 1980 capabilities to study the Arctic ice cap. "The same," says the director of the operation, A. B. Kane of the Defense Research Board, "we try to come up with submarine sensors will be one way of mapping it."

The upcoming field research making all this possible was left by three Vancouver-area men: Mark Thomson, 38, Al Trice, 41, and Dick Smith, 49. Their firm, International Hydrodynamics, has two other subs (Paces II and Paces III) on service (each worth \$750,000) and two more under construction. They're not the world's only miniature subs (the U.S. British, French, USSR, and Japan have smaller vessels) but Paces subs are second to none in their reputation for outstanding work in oceanographic research, behavior studies, underwater oil exploration and geophysical surveys.

With most of the mechanical problems solved, the Paces designers are working on some political ones. They signed their contract to sell the sub to a foreign government (that gave the USSR) one into "interference from a non-Canadian source" (that gave the U.S.) "Solidus." An "irresponsible" company the Vickers company in England is making bids for the next two Paces. Paces there they can be expected to British products, previously without longer of the deal being completed. □



"... such excellence in both design and craftsmanship that price is truly a secondary consideration"

In the world of High Fidelity, perfection is no abstract concept. The distinguished craftsmen of Bang & Olufsen have achieved nothing less than that. Here at last is faithful reproduction



of the entire vocal range — without distortion, without adding or subtracting from the original sound. ■ In pursuing such an objective,

cost could not be permitted to determine the limits of effort. What has resulted is presented to you as the finest money can buy. But thanks to the wonderful Denon, that price is



less than is often exacted for equipment less meticulously crafted, less pleasing to the ear, less beautiful to behold. ■ In actual experiments conducted in



Canada, it has been demonstrated that music recorded and reproduced with B & O high fidelity systems cannot be distinguished from the original, live performance. If this is what you seek for your own home, we invite you to give an ear to B & O. Tuner/amplifiers, amplifiers, speaker systems, tape recorders, cartridges, microphones. Wherever fine high fidelity is sold, we'll gladly send you complete specifications and the name of your nearest B & O High Fidelity dealer. ■



SOLE CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS

MUSIMART
OF CANADA LIMITED

376 McEACHRAN AVE., MONTREAL 154, QUE.

The Hero.



for bringing honour and glory to all who serve it.

THE FIGHTING DOCTOR WHO LIVES FOR CHILDREN



Crippled children, Thalidomide children, hungry children, children scarred by napalm in Vietnam—they're all the concern of Gustave Gingras, a doctor, a fighter who becomes "almost a con man" when he's campaigning for kids

BY WALTER STEWART
Photographs by Paul Gilman

DR. GUSTAVE GINGRAS is a man of medium height and portly physique, with quick brown eyes, a booming laugh and the kind of outgoing charm, polished but not effusive, that seems to be the special forte of French Canadians. A gregarious fellow, you say on meeting him, extroverted, curiously intelligent, but not especially impressive, not the kind of man, for instance, to make the Canadian government reverse itself on a policy decision. And yet, that is exactly what he did, and because he did it, 15 Vietnamese girls are studying physiotherapy in Montreal today and, half a world away, a team of Canadian doctors are treating the victims of war and disease in a South Vietnam reha-

bilitation center that our government thought could never be built.

Gingras has other accomplishments to his credit. He is Executive Director of the Rehabilitation Institute of Montreal, President of the Quebec College of Physicians and Surgeons, the first Canadian to serve as President of the International Federation of Physical Medicine, he is a Fellow of half a dozen medical societies and a member of more than two score medical and scientific groups from Italy to Vietnam. He has won enough honors, citations and medals to people a row of lesser girls. But on his face, and he even wins awards for his hobby—building Meccano toys (second prize in the Commonwealth for a five-light-

"Once they stoned the handicapped child. That's past. But there's still a stigma"

ing they shed praise for a scale-model skeleton. But some of these official honors came half as sweet to the doctor as his own-to-be-acknowledged victory over the aliphatic bismuths at Ottawa on behalf of the people of Vietnam.

To understand what he did, and how, and why, it is necessary to know something of Gagnon, a man famous enough in international medical circles, but almost unknown in his own country. A colleague of his told me, "I found the Scandinavian countries, Turkey, Finland and India, and everywhere I went people wanted to know if I knew Dr. Gagnon, and what he was like, then I went to a meeting in Toronto and at several nobody had heard of him."

Properly, Gagnon belongs in the pages of a novel by, say, Thomas Wolfe; he is one of those larger-than-life people of enormous energy, toughness and wit. Even his education, as it happens, he is a French Canadian, and an Anglaise whose life-idol is Winston Churchill, he is a tough and sometimes ruthless administrator who remonstrates to bring little gifts for the staff from his trips abroad; he is a compassionate and loving man who can compassionate almost instantly with the hundreds of children who come under his care, but has no children of his own, and doesn't trust to man them. "I don't know if I could have got to reach those with a family to worry about," he says.

Professor Noel Caperton, chairman of the Department of English at St. George's Williams University, and a former Gagnon patient (he was treated with penicillin jolts in 1955), thinks of the doctor "so so much as a man as a man, a kind of elemental fact."

Gagnon was born in Montreal 51 years ago, the second son of a federal civil servant. He attended college at Rigaud, Quebec, and dreamed of becoming an actor—he once played the lead in Miksh's *Amazons* (Gagnon, however—but his parents persuaded him that acting was a chancy and poor-paying career and enrolled him in the medical school at the University of Montreal. Thus, Dr. Eugène Robitaille is said to be "the man who later got into a depressed, near-suicidal state, was brought to Gagnon." "What do you want to do?" he asked the doctor.

On graduation in 1940, he joined the Medical Corps and was posted to Brompton Hospital in England, where he worked with wounded soldiers and developed an enormous admiration for most things English. "I like the way they do things," he told me. "At an international meeting, the Ladies do all the talking, and then the British pass the motions." He still reports his days from England, being a portrait of Winston Churchill in his office, and a portrait of Pierre Trudeau, where he also admires—and some of his close friends expect him to retire to the British Isles. It was in the army and in England that Gagnon picked up the issue of order that is perhaps his dominant characteristic. He likes his life planned weeks, months, even years in advance, when he is preparing for an important meeting, he plots every move, when he is about to go before a government or medical official to ask for something, he has a secretary at colleague come in to set out the official's role and raise every possible objection, so that Gagnon cannot be caught off guard in the real interview.

At war's end, he returned to Canada, where he hoped to study neurosurgery under Dr. Walter Penfield, but Penfield, hearing of his work with wounded soldiers, asked him to fill in, temporarily, as the resident hospitalist in the Army de Bellevue, outside Montreal. That "temporary" job led to his life work in rehabilitation and, eventually, to his marriage to a nurse, the former Jean MacLellan. "She used to work for me," Gagnon likes to tell people. "Now I work for her!"

Gradually, he became fascinated with the process of transforming a crippled, hurt and often depressed human being into a useful, functioning and adjusted member of society. "There was a time when people used to throw stones at a child in brown," he explains. "Now that his past, but there is still a sort of stigma. You not only have to get society to accept the handicapped person, you have to get him to accept himself."

He looks toward that end and are often heavily distressed. One day a paraplegic soldier, a former patient who had been crippled in an accident, had later slipped into a depressed, near-suicidal state, was brought to Gagnon. "What do you want to do?" he asked the doctor.

"Oh, I don't know," the doctor re-

sponded. "I haven't really thought about it. Perhaps I could become a doctor."

"Right," said Gagnon, picked up the phone, and began making orders. Before he knew what happened, the soldier found himself enrolled as the McGill Law School, with leave of absence laid out to take him to and from every class. Today, he is a notary in Montreal.

In 1949 the Rotary Club asked Gagnon to found what has become the Rehabilitation Institute of Montreal, which opened in the converted post-room of an ancient hotel, with a staff of three and Gagnon as a part-time consultant. Later, the institute moved to one floor of an office building in downtown Montreal, with Gagnon as full-time director. One day, there was an electrical breakdown in the building, and he watched how his secretary, Mrs. Helen Lippay, a charming and cheerfully efficient woman who had been his first domestic partner, would get to work. Mrs. Lippay's legs had been paralyzed in an accident and the couldn't possibly walk up the five floors to the office. Nevertheless, she arrived on time, as Gagnon mentioned to a colleague. But he never troubled to find out just how she had done it. "I never asked her," he told the colleague. "It was her job to be on time, and she was."

Working long hours in cramped quarters with outdated equipment, Gagnon nonetheless began to make such a mark in rehabilitation that, in 1953, the United Nations asked him to organize a centre at Caracas, Venezuela. The first of a series of international advisory missions that have taken him to a score of nations around the world. In Venezuela, he was able to persuade the government to set up a modern, well-equipped centre complete with a school—named after Gagnon—to provide trained staff. Leo Dulles, administrative director of the Rehabilitation Institute since 1953, notes, "Gagnon could get money for other people in other countries while his own province wouldn't give him a dime."

At first, the Montreal Institute was so strapped for funds that when it simply had to move to larger quarters, the best it could afford was the barren basement of a commercial hospital.

Gagnon's reputation as an organizer and expediter continued to grow and, in 1959, nearly 50,000 Monre-



cans became paralyzed after eating food cooked in soldered cans, he was summoned by the Red Cross to find an 11-nation rescue mission. "Watching him work was like watching a comet," says one doctor who was with him in Morocco. "All you could see was a fiery trail."

Gagnon returned to Montreal to throw himself into another project—providing new quarters for the Rehabilitation Institute. A new site had been obtained in southwest Montreal in 1958 and new building work began, on funds and credit. Work on the 52 1/2-million centre was stopped several times when funds ran out and construction quit, but in 1962 the money was raised and the doors opened on a 100-bed rehabilitation hospital, one of the best-equipped in North America. Gagnon took Quebec Premier Jean Lesage on a tour of the building, and Lesage noted the star ratings were a brilliant,

Liberal nod. "Good thinking," he said, putting the stamp.

"Yes," Gagnon replied smoothly. "And we have a blue seal as stamp put in each."

The institute opened just as time for the Thelassonde tragedy, which saw nearly 100 Canadian babies born with spinal lesions. Montreal became responsible for 34 Thelassonde babies in Quebec and the Maritimes and, under the direction of Dr. Maurice Mongeau, the Institute's chief of physical medicine, the long, complex, often heart-breaking job of coping with both parents and children was begun. The parents had to be persuaded to keep their children in many cases, since parents saw their offspring as burdens or helpless cripples who could only be shut up in institutions. "If every child were a baby, you could say, 'why not a Thelassonde child?'" continued

(At top) As a shy male and four-year-old Marie starts on the long road back from crippling handicap encountered by Dr. Gagnon (center left) and Dr. Maurice Mongeau of the Rehabilitation Institute of Montreal.

Would Canada aid Vietnam children? No, said Ottawa. Yes, said Gingras. He won

With three exceptions, who were placed in foster homes, the bandaged babies remained with their parents and came to the centre in outpatients. They were, and are, treated as normally as possible. When they started school last fall, each Thai-Lao child was taken to the front of the class by a nurse or caretaker, his shirt removed, the shaven limbs displayed, and the automatic devices that control his limbs fully explained. The children have become almost celebrities in their schools.

"You have to be absolutely honest about such things," says Gingras. "These children may live 70 or 80 years, you cannot take them away, they cannot hide themselves, so you bring everything out into the open and some of your problems disappear."

Among the desires put to work for the Thai-Lao children was an artificial arm developed in Kansas. Gingras heard of the arm — more serviceable and flexible than current models — through a colleague, and flew to Kansas to bargain for the patent rights. He bought them for \$50,000, got the money from the Quebec government, and the Northern Electric Company offered to make amputations that have given Canada one of the most efficient artificial limbs in the world.

In 1965, when work on this was well under way, Gingras got a call from Ottawa. Canada had been asked to start a rehabilitation program by South Vietnam, would Gingras take on the job? Of course he would. On September 28, 1965, he flew to Saigon and what he found there shocked and angered him. "I saw wounds and wounds of children with an iron pipe, a big gun, terrible, terrible scars across the face from burns . . . I saw hundreds of children and I don't remember seeing one of them smile."

He hurried himself at his task, located a building, obtained government clearance, secured supplies. To save time, he dictated notes and orders as he walked and worked each day, mailed the tapes home every night and had Montreal staff begin the same-day organization job long before he left Vietnam. He arrived back in Canada on October 14, 1965, drew up a detailed report, complete to such items as an inventory scheme for volunteer workers, then flew to Ottawa to deliver the report in person. The gov-

ernment official he had an appointment with was too busy to see him, an underling told him nothing except, "Don't talk to the press," and returned the report. Gingras returned to Montreal and began making up volunteers while he awaited government approval of the project.

It never came. The Vietnamese government, apparently fearful of the propaganda fallout from a children's centre, with movable pictures of war-mutilated babies, began to stall. The Canadian government refused to pass for action, or even to ask why Saigon had turned cool to the project. Gingras' phone calls and letters were turned aside with bland replies and even a personal visit to then External Affairs Minister Paul Martin brought no action. Britain, the U.S. and Sweden all rejected rehabilitation schemes in Vietnam, Canada did not.

On December 16, 1966, 14 months after Gingras had rushed home with his report, Martin told reporters in Paris that the project was off. The reason finally passed to Gingras by a civil servant who said Canada and Vietnam could not agree on who should pay for such facilities at electricity for the centre. "My God," roared Gingras, "there is a house on fire and a man is trying to get his kids out and up comes the politician and says, 'They owe me for last Tuesday.'"

In the House of Commons, Martin said there was no question of the centre being reconsidered, but Gingras refused to accept the verdict. "This means I had failed," he told me, "and I am not accustomed to fail."

He decided to ignore the daily firm word he had ever received from the government — "Don't talk to the press" — and began to tell friends, colleagues and newsmen what had happened. Soon, the federal government was under heavy fire in Toronto, housewives formed a volunteer committee in Ottawa, the External Affairs office was bombarded with letters and phone calls, in Montreal, Gingras received offers for more medical volunteers that he could use.

The government reconsidered. The rehabilitation project, a closed subject in January 1967, became an open one in April. An External Aid official flew to Saigon, diplomatic pressure, points had multiplied, was brought to bear, in 10-15-20 years, headed by no other Montreal doctor, Michel Dupuis,

was dispatched to draw up a new report. Saigon eventually agreed to accept a rehabilitation centre for people of all ages and, to avoid any squabble about who should pay for what, Canada agreed to build it from scratch at Quinook, 350 miles north of Saigon.

That centre, a \$12-million structure capable of treating 30 bed patients and 160 out-patients, was due to open last December, but was still one more delay of several weeks because equipment for making artificial limbs was unconscionably forgotten on a San Francisco dock and had to be air-freighted, late, to Vietnam. The official opening is scheduled for May. Meanwhile, a team of Canadian volunteers is treating war- and disaster-ravaged Vietnamese. Gingras, who as project director will oversee the centre from Canada, is satisfied.

As part of the program 20 Vietnamese, including 15 girls between the ages of 18 and 35, have been brought to Canada to study rehabilitation at the Montreal Institute. The girls, petite and pretty, work all day, most evenings and many weekends, trying to earn a three-year course in physiotherapy into 12 months. "We have to work hard," says Dean Truong, 26, who used to translate training films for the U.S. Army. "Too many people have done too much for us to let them down."

Gingras has gone on to other projects, reorganizing the Quebec College of Physicians and Surgeons, advising on rehabilitation in Africa, Australia and the West Indies, planning an occupation of the Montreal Institute and filling his central functions as director, teacher and physician.

Despite the busy and successful round, even Gingras becomes depressed from time to time. Once, sitting in the den of his comfortable Mount Royal home, he told me, "I used to be a pretty fair physician, but now I'm just a con man." He was referring to his work as a spokesman and publicist for rehabilitation, which plays havoc with his medical career, but this rare self-deprecative is wide of the mark. As the neurosurgeon he once wanted to be, he could certainly have made more money — he draws \$20,000 annually from the institute, plus fees from other sources as a consultant — but few doctors have done as much with their hands as Gingras has done with his brain as a man of letters, his pride and his courage. □

A diamond reflects all the dreams and special moments that have passed between man and woman since the discovery of love.

A diamond is forever.



Enjoy it more with Eleetrohome's extra degree of excellence

There's so much color and excitement in the world today it's a shame to miss any part of it. That's why Eleetrohome goes a little further. To be sure you'll catch every move of that tricky halfback in the football telecast. And every note of every waltz in your favorite symphony recording.

This takes leadership. This takes development. The world's first fully-integrated home entertainment and communications centre: CIRCA 76. The remarkable design of this new concept launched a whole new mood of Eleetrohome CIRCA models.



This year, Eleetrohome is the only color television manufacturer in North America to offer a new rectangular 22-inch color picture tube. So you get more picture-viewing area. More picture enjoyment.

Too, thanks to Eleetrohome's highly-refined color TV chassis, which includes push-button Automatic Fine Tuning for a perfect color picture, is easily set-up on a light.

One more thing. We guarantee every color picture tube for two full years. That's confidence.



Circle picture (black-and-white) on new 22" screen

There's an extra degree of excellence in Eleetrohome stereos, too. In fact, there are several. Like stunning Delco's cabinets. Dual automatic changers. And Satellite Sound, an exclusive bit of excellence that provides full 360° stereo listening no matter where you're sitting.

We've put our big wide colorful world of Eleetrohome in booklet form. Write for a free copy. Simply send your name and address—and whether you're interested in Eleetrohome stereo, color or black and white TV—to Eleetrohome Limited, Kitchener, Ontario.

ELEETROHOME

an extra degree of excellence

Excellence in Color TV

Eleetrohome engineers and Delco's customer-investors a quest: excellence in bringing you an extra degree of excellence. Our engineers modestly claim that the new Eleetrohome all-band-wide color chassis is Canada's most refined color television. And that it's still the only color television engineered for Canadian conditions. On the other hand, Delco's sales let their freshly-finished cabinets speak for themselves. Who would? You do. And that's the way it should be.



BIVIERA North America's best super-rectangular 22-inch color television. Full-range Automatic Fine Tuning.



SHERBROOKE Direct vision 20-inch picture tube. Just quick picture and sound with INSTANT.



CLARIDGE Full-range APE, direct-vision 23-inch picture tube. Hand-wired chassis.



CIRCA 708 Dual-band changer. AM/FM/IFM stereo audio. Automatic record storage. Lighted changer compartment.



DIMENSION Full 120 watts of stereo power. Super Dual 1210 changer. AM/FM/IFM stereo.



MADRISA Dual 1210 automatic changer, and new features only from AM/FM/IFM stereo.

CIRCA 702 and SOUND CHAIR Irrigating new sound stereo is console. Capable with Stereo Sound, Dual 1210 changer. 75-watt chassis. Eleetrohome Sound Chair (chair, bench, and free built-in stereo speakers for seating class recliner, in black, or your choice of fabric or special color).



ANNAPOLIS Push-button operation. AM/FM/IFM stereo, plus preamps for new Eleetrohome cassette stereo recorder.

SATELLITE SOUND Every Eleetrohome stereo console is fully equipped for Satellite Sound. And only Eleetrohome offers it. Satellite speakers designed in beautiful woods, as well as full 360° sound with dual stereo separation.



BARRINGTON Color TV. Automatic Fine Tuning. AM/FM/IFM stereo. processes over 3000 automatic changes.



Fine-tune color like you'd turn on a light — every time

That's a clever little button on each new Eleetrohome color television that's even smarter than you are. It's called AFT—Automatic Fine Tuning. Just a touch and it automatically fine-tunes the best color picture possible—every time. You can't outpace it. And you can't enjoy its full range connection on any other color television. Anywhere.



Walker's Special Old.

Hiram Walker's Special Old Canadian Whisky wins on taste, wins on smoothness, wins on popularity. Make yours Special Old. You can't lose.

The Winner.



The European Puzzle.

Sabena puts the pieces together.



People flying to Europe find it difficult deciding where to go and where to go. Should they fly from Brussels to Paris, can they spend another day in Rome? Sabena, Europe's most helpful airline, knows the European Puzzle inside out. They also know the World

Puzzle. No matter how big your travel problems are Sabena has the connections that can help you solve your puzzles.

Not only is Sabena a major world airline but it's Belgian and that means Brussels, one of Europe's most hospitable cities. Brussels has central location and excellent train service is its springboard to European travel.

Sabena has more flights to and from Brussels than any other airline. In fact Sabena flies to 40 cities in 41 countries. A globe-spanning, intercontinental flight network at the lowest fares ever.

Contact your local travel agent or Sabena in Montreal, Quebec City, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver. We can help you solve your puzzles.



Europe's most helpful airline

Better Way to Fight Constipation



Because it Actually Aids Digestion

When you're constipated, you may also suffer from "flat" indigestion. Your system just doesn't digest very foods properly and you get that uncomfortable feeling that makes constipation even more distressing.

To get rid of both constipation and the accompanying feeling of fullness and bloating, take the medicine that millions depend on to keep themselves "regular." It's more than a laxative for it actually helps you digest both food and medicine. **CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets.**

CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets act to gently yet thoroughly—never cause cramping or griping—and they are a wonderful aid to faster digestion. They create a complexion of special medicinal ingredients to give you this complete "gut relief." Stomach disorders (indigestion, gas, acidity, etc.) and bowel movement without cramping or tearing. The "vehicle" is gentle. "Caroid" helps digest the protein in your diet. The "bile salts" increase the flow of bile to break down and help you digest fat then preventing "fat" indigestion.

CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets give you complete, gentle, dependable relief from constipation. And, best of all, the design of **CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets** can be gradually reduced until they are no longer needed.

Special Laboratory Offer: **SALT** 30¢/50¢ 10¢ to F.D. Box 2080, Dept. CM, Aurora, Ontario. We will send you a regular 30¢ box of **CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets** Send today. Offer good only in Canada.

*A study, "Effect of bile salts on digestion," 1967, J. Clin. Invest.

HOW TO STEER CLEAR OF PROFESSOR FOSSILHEAD

You, too, at Student Power has left a new quote registered over the future trends of many Canadian universities. It reads: *From the Professor — Let the Student Beware — and it explains that today's undergraduates are no longer uncritical consumers of whatever the professorial knowledge factory sees fit to hand out. If Professor Fossilhead is a contemporary hero who has revealed his lecture notes in 1998, they agree, then students thinking of studying in his course should know in advance.*

The chief weapons of academic consumer protection are the course evaluation guides, sometimes called micro-sensors or consumer councils on about one third of Canada's campuses. Based on questionnaires completed by the previous year's students, the aim is to ensure the quality of various courses and, sometimes, the abilities of the people teaching them. Probably the most useful contributor is issued by McGill's Arts and Sciences Undergraduate Society. It costs two dollars (most guides are free) and contains hard-hitting comments about particular teachers. "Students rate Professor Dendek as dogmatic and willing to praise only those ideas similar to his own. Lectures were always fairly extensive."

Another contributor is the more general guide to the Annals of the University of British Columbia. It grades schools on better subjective and hence not scientific. "Professor William Fosshead of UBC's English Department shows the skills of reality: supportable greenwashings." Surprisingly, however, most faculty members seem to favour the one criterion of least principle: because it provides an indication of the quality of their teachers.

Clearly, the new criterion only has value in situations where students have some choice of courses. At present most arts and science courses are compulsory. But more radical alternatives are beginning to appear: giving students more freedom to choose subjects.

This trend will likely do much to change the structure of our universities, says a number of student-power strategists. The aim is to increase the control of students' decisions where they don't have to live on the productivist path to the benefit of the consumer of the teaching. When this happens, who cares who will probably miss professors like the two in Vancouver and the two in Toronto?

McGill's Undergraduate Society says there were five top teachers who were Professor Fossilheads and six professors who were dogmatic academics, also better. □

lavish new book!

THIS WAS EXPO

See Expo for the first time, or relive cherished memories through the pages of this magnificent big book that is established by Maclean's.

Unique Book Style: 100 pages, 100 photos, 100 captions, 100 chapters of text — over 60,000 words.

\$12.95 POSTPAID. Clip this ad and mail with remittance to Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Free aerial color photo of Expo with all cash orders. Money-back guarantee. Add 15¢ to out-of-town cheques; add \$1 to outside Canada orders.

Suburban Expansion?

So your problem is suburban expansion. You've been eating and drinking correctly and properly and haven't gained a bit more than you intended to.

And you try to do it through small, low-calorie meals that have a health halo.

Try this week at the "Diet." A supervised program of exercise and proper eating habits will put you on the track again.

Being a doctor, I'm sure you'll be able to do it. The "Diet" is for women too.

MA. **State Health Department** 101 N. Washington St. Boston, MA 02114 284-7131 and 281

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
PROV _____
HOSPITAL, HEALTH CENTER, or CLINIC _____

Embarrassing moments for 'Jeep' Wagoneer owners



No audience. No performers. Just Mr. & Mrs. Pringle. It never occurred to them that one little old snowflake would stop the show. Owning a Jeep Wagoneer station wagon can be embarrassing. Jeep Wagoneer owners always get through with four-wheel drive they have double the traction of less fortunate owners.

We believe four-wheel drive is as necessary in Canada as gasoline. What if you are shortchanged on safety, comfort and mobility. Especially mobility. Check with Mr. & Mrs. Pringle—and with your Jeep vehicle dealer.

'Jeep' Wagoneer station wagon



*Not automatic transmission of course

KAISER Jeep of CANADA LIMITED



RED WHITES and BLUE

ACCESSORIES 1995 That was the year when sturdy white Peter Pan collars were introduced as the accessory with the spring outfit — a little carry dress. The combination of blue and white is still with us but it's been metamorphosed by Pop and Op Art forces. Those two genres made red, white and blue not just a flag, but living, vibrant colors once again. Both Op and Pop Art had their wild, kooky influence on fashion design a few years ago. That madness has faded away, and what is left are the flag colors appearing in every designer collection. If the look-alike has gone, so has the stinky use of primary colors. Most of the other popular colors are dove gray, champagne and ice-cream tones. That's formulaic and fine, but 1994's blessed introduction of the same over points is even more important for spring than it was last fall. The look tends to fade with pale tones and there's no more staining way of getting it across or making it up than in good old red, white and blue.

PAZ McDONAGH's designs for The Re-Establishment, left, have been a hit not only in Canada but in New York as well. Her red gaudy jacket is \$40, trousers \$24, scarf \$5, shoes \$50. White-satin dress \$25, pants \$30, necklace \$13, shoes \$30. Blue halterneck \$42, striped vest and pants \$63, necklace \$13. **CHRISTOPHER RYAN** designs for his own boutique in Vancouver. He specializes in simple lines and impeccable finishing. Tunic and skirt, right, \$110.

Accessories from: Pandora Jewelry and shoes from Vuitton.





**Sugar cane does not grow
in Canada...so these
famous Lemon Hart Rums
are 100% imported**



Lemon Hart Royal Navy Demerara...
dark in colour but light in flavour.

Lemon Hart White — the fabulous new
very light Demerara Rum — unique in
all the world.
LEMON HART & SONS LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND



And
Lemon Hart
Golden Jamaica...
light golden in colour
but with all the
pronounced, rich
flavour of
Jamaica Rum.

100% Pure



**RED
WHITE
BLUE**

*Fashions on the trend flag colors
are endless. Top: a blue
brocade theatre coat by John
Wander for Hudson's Bay.
It covers a white-cotton blouse
and web-suspenders brocade
trousers. \$200. Above: a red
very shapely vinyl jacket by Elbow
and Fredrick for The Factory,
\$25. This ultra-Fantastique
look promises to be very hot
for spring. Right: a white
knitted boucle pant suit by
Marni Design, \$100. And
from Pringle-Johns, \$13.50
Silver Joan T.W., \$30.*

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY ASHLEY



The honest Canadian

Alberta Premium

Why do we call Alberta Premium *The Honest Canadian*? Because it is what it says it is: *Honest*. Not a kernel of corn goes into any batch... which is more than the other Canadian whiskies can boast. And what does all this mean to you? A smooth, all-rye taste in an exceptional whisky. The proof is bottled in Alberta Premium, the Honest Canadian.



CAMPBELL

Campbell: We continued to come along with the industry such while we developed our players. In the early days, we pretty well divided the whole amateur system ourselves. We provided the coaches, did all the scouting, provided the money, assembled the teams. Finally, due formula for developing players can be matched but the old system had inherent inequalities in it that had to be eliminated with experience. The old teams had built up a monopoly on young hockey players in the different parts of Canada. The expansion teams couldn't live and tremble because there would be no place for them to start up these new player-development systems.

Maclean: They had nowhere to get their new talent?

Campbell: That's right. The outcome was that pretty good young players became instantly competitive to the point that it was becoming the equivalent of an auction sale. You see our problem? The parents were going to protest because they wanted, above all, to get good contracts for their kids.

Maclean: But even after a player makes the league still dominates his life. He cannot, for instance, change teams by his own decision by playing out of town, as in football.

Campbell: We're exactly the same as football. We don't acknowledge any such arrangements. If a team has developed a player and invested substantial money in him, you can't simply expect that club to say, "Well, I'm sorry that you don't like to say more, now you go your way." All that would happen would be that the rich owner would get richer by reason they would control the others. That team cannot be operated on that basis.

Maclean: Now the footballers have a new problem with the coming of an new Establishment organization — with Al Eustace and company. How has that affected your relationship with parents?

Campbell: Through the years we've had to good relations with the players as one could hope for. The coming of Mr. Eustace is a part of a universal pattern, not peculiar to hockey and I don't believe he has made that great a contribution in any event. He had no trouble getting recognition from us in his capacity as a member of common interest. But I don't think you'll ever have open representation or an association representing individual contracts.

Maclean: But could it not be in the form of an appeal representing a player in the tournament?

Campbell: Yes, for 100 percent for it's no problem with the *Anybody* who wants into any contract is entitled to whatever advice he wishes to have.

Maclean: Surprising, however, that one national and so on more to get the hockey player very much into a pro-fitted man.

Campbell: That's right, and it's a good usage for him.

Maclean: But how does this affect his hockey?

Campbell: Well, the more mature players have always paid themselves to

stretch and their career. Now, with the higher salaries and the pressure, they're even more dependent on it.

Maclean: Isn't that dangerous for hockey as a sport?

Campbell: Not if we provide a good in-house system to make him go all out. All you have to do is watch a team in the Stanley Cup and you soon realize no one is moving himself.

Maclean: If a player goes into some sort of disciplinary trouble he winds up here in your office. You are the judge, but is there a separate court with players?

Campbell: Only in respect to suspensions and fines over \$100. If a player chooses, he can appeal that to the Board of Directors.

Maclean: Do they?

Campbell: In 23 years, there has only been one that I remember — Ted Lindsay of the Detroit Red Wings. I suspended him for 30 days. The club appealed, but the Board of Governors upheld my decision.

Maclean: If the NHL really wants to stop players fighting on the ice, why doesn't it just become known as a league where you are a fighter on a separate who gets into a fight?

Campbell: Our philosophy toward fighting is that if someone really does a place where players are not content to go on and play without some sort of conflict, for better that they should drop their sticks and fight. It works as a safety valve.

Maclean: Could fighting be stopped altogether if you wanted to stop it?

Campbell: Sure, no doubt about that. We could put down a rule that says that someone suspended from the game. But if we were to remove this safety valve the players would no doubt develop a more violent form of viciousness. You would get but only one and one and one, which are ultimately much more dangerous and resulting than fighting.

Maclean: Now that the NHL, the two Canadian-based teams and the U.S. based clubs many people feel that experience old Canada out in the U.S. money market. Is there any way to offset the U.S. dominance?

Campbell: No. Basically, hockey is one phase of the entertainment world, it's a business. And to stay in business, you place your bets on the place that will keep you in business. The difficulty is that there are no places in Canada outside Toronto and Montreal that have the consumer spending to support an NHL organization.

Maclean: Vancouver?

Campbell: From the standpoint of consumer spending, Vancouver is only half as big as the smallest city in the league.

Maclean: When will this change enough to support a team?

Campbell: My recollection of the projections made in 1964 indicated a world wide shift or nine years. In the meantime, another factor has intervened — rising costs. It costs 25 percent more to operate a team in 1984 than it did in 1964.

Maclean: You were once described as the man who turned hockey from a game into a business. Just how big is the business?

Campbell: It's extremely difficult to arrive at that figure, but hockey is the principal support for approximately \$300-million worth of business.

Maclean: With this increased use of television channels, is this a great deal?

Campbell: I don't think hockey can break this prime time U.S. television. I don't think one has any potential television a likely to come. We're obliged to play at the afternoon. We think the ratings would be better if we played later in the afternoon, but here we have to remember that we have a three-hour time difference from coast to coast.

Maclean: Is it not possible for hockey to compete against professional soccer?

Campbell: Up to now, no. But we can say never again. No sport is carried in prime time. I suspect that the World Series might do it, but even that is questionable. Because still has a better draw, a broader draw, and obviously the sponsor is user friendly only in their own image.

Maclean: Is your 23 years in position, how have you seen the hockey player himself change?

Campbell: The culture of the people today is different. They enjoy a higher status in the community. Now, hockey is regarded as a major sport and a lot of the players have been extremely successful both in hockey and as business.

Maclean: In those 23 years how has Chevrolet changed?

Campbell: Well, some people would say not for the better. □

Show it how to focus once... the new Kodak Carousel Projector will do the rest automatically



Introducing the new KODAK CAROUSEL 850 Projector. You focus the first slide — to adjust for screen distance. The "850" carries on from there... keeps each slide in perfect focus automatically!

No more focusing during the show. No "focus drift". No blur. You simply sit back and enjoy sharp pictures — slide after slide.

And because the new "850" is a Carousel Projector, it never jams. It features the long-play 80-slide CAROUSEL tray, the self-polluting tray with instant access to every slide.

The KODAK CAROUSEL 850 Projector, with both remote and automatic slide changing, from less than \$221. Other KODAK CAROUSEL Projectors start at less than \$109.

Now, we added in these exclusive notes:

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited
Toronto 15, Ontario

PANASONIC



13" CT 61DC The Pennington

19" CT 81DC The Swensen

Roses are red, violets are blue. Always. On Panasonic color TV.

Life-like color—that's what you buy color TV for. And that's why Panasonic goes to great lengths to make sure you get it. For a start, we eliminate a lot of dual twiddling with an exclusive Exact-O-Vision tuning bar so you don't have to be an engineer to fine tune our 16" Pennington A keyed AGC system which sounds very complex but works very simply goes in every set to keep color pictures pure, steady and sharp. And

because overheating can affect color fidelity, we eliminate a lot of tubes that can burn up and burn out with solid state engineering that, by comparison, runs cool as a cucumber. Another example of how we play things your way: we design, engineer and manufacture all our own components. This way we remove all the headaches that used to give

you second thoughts about color TV. So what are you waiting for? We've got a great choice of popular-sized portables plus a particularly handsome 18" console with walnut cabineetry. Best of all, no matter which Panasonic color set you buy, roses are red, violets are blue. Always.



13" CT 61PC The Dolphin



18" CT 81PC The Porcupine

PANASONIC®
plays things your way.

TV 6-82

PANASONIC, BEXDALE, ONTARIO • TELEVISION • RADIOS • TAPE RECORDERS • APPLIANCES • BATTERIES

70 MAY/JUNE 1981

WHO'S THE RICHEST PERFORMER IN CANADIAN SPORT?



"I don't like to live comfortably," says Hervé Filion, spokesman of the race. "I think if I make six more years like I have done I'll be a millionaire. I'm working as it anyway." Which is a magnificent understatement.

Filion, 35, married a year and due to become a father about now, has made more, faster than most people in the exploding harness-racing business. Last year he set out to better the North American record of 362 wins. He whizzed around 16 major tracks in the northwest corner of the continent throughout the year. February-to-Christmas season, often driving at one in the afternoon and at another in the evening. Once he finished racing at Caledon, Pennsylvania, at 4 p.m. and started again at 8 p.m.—300 miles away in 10 hours. By early November he was the new North American champion. By Christmas he was the new world champion, having driven home 467 winners, topping the previous record of 354. In total he won away from \$900,000 in purse money.

A third of that—\$300,000—was for himself, since he was it with horses he either partly or wholly owns. Of the remaining \$600,000 was for other owners, he took 10 percent in driver's fees. Result: gross earnings

from driving and owning of \$300,000, of which he says about \$200,000 was net income.

The next record try is for this year. "I'll make a million in prize money, maybe," says Filion, one of a handful of eight boys who began harness racing in Angers, Quebec, at 13.

Much of his money is already invested. He has also put \$15,000 into a 10-acre farm at Lachute, near Montreal, which is now his home and headquarters of his Capital 446 Farms racing stable. At Lachute he keeps six broodmares and runs a 35-stall barn and a full-size training track as part of the harness-bred breeding and training operation which, in his own assessment, "another good source of income." He wants a \$7,000-a-month payroll.

"Filion's got to do right with the money," says Filion. "I have good advice. I advise to be good at it and the money just comes. Right now I don't have time to spend it, but I've got ambition. I want to have a really top racehorse, a real champion like Best of All or Neville Trade and breed from him."

Which means Hervé Filion will probably have to make a million over a half-decade. Racehorse costs around \$50,000 today.

IT'S HERVÉ FILION

(Hervé WHO?)

A hard-driving harness racer from Angers, Quebec, tops the big-money scorers with \$360,000 a year. On the following pages: How Filion stacks up against other stars—and how they score with their winnings

**How the superstars
score in the
league of Big Money**

GEORGE BASKINOFF \$154,000
JOHN BASKINOFF \$22,000
MICKEY COTE \$10,000
HEINER FRALON \$40,000
JOHN HOLL \$100,000
JEAN BELIVEAU \$170,000
STAN MACEY \$170,000
LUCIEN FORTIN \$170,000
RICHARD GRUBB \$110,000
DONALD HOWE \$100,000
HOWE TUCKER \$110,000
HARRY JACKSON \$100,000



**Jean Beliveau: from
fame on the ice to
a brewery's boardroom!**

Beliveau's career has a sports star, and has a "sales and public relations representative" and bundle him off on tour — to open garden parties, judge beauty shows, visit stores and taverns and earn his pay by being big and generous and pleasant and able to sign autographs.

Sixteen years ago, when he was on his way up from the Quebec Aces to the Montreal Canadiens, Jean Beliveau was signed up for \$10,000 by Molson. He returned from his first glum-as-key tone and started brewery officials by suggesting how they could improve their organization and sales in several regions.

He was right, too. Today he is special assistant to the president at \$75,000 a year, and Molson Vice-President Zolique Laperriere says, "If I am not unreasonable to suggest Jean will one day be president of our Quebec division. He knows his brewing business inside and out, as well as his hockey. He is fluently bilingual, his human relations are warm and admirable, he has great loyalty, his energy is lowering . . . well, he's out of this world, isn't?"

Soon after joining Molson's, Beliveau also joined the Canadian, who now pay him \$50,000 a year. After a few years on the old-fashioned beer-promotion circuit, Molson's gave him their Quebec City distribution operation to run. He increased their share of the local market by five percent.

Now, as special presidential assistant, he over-chooses his own off-season projects. Last year, for instance, he produced a survey of manpower and wages for the company, evaluated the organization's public-relations and sales program and arranged other things (and a little closer to home) assessed the value of NHL hockey TV sponsorship to the company.

He is, says Laperriere, "something special."

Soon Beliveau, now 37, may be faced with the sort of dilemma that too many professional athletes can only dream about. He may have to decide whether to become a hockey coach, or a brewery executive with an earning potential of \$80,000 a year.

Either way, they won't need to run the dogs for Jean Beliveau.

**Richard Grubb: a jockey
comes on strong in the
Toronto Property Stakes**

RICHARD GRUBB is 39, shy, not long on formal education and a jockey so talented that the more cynical sports writers say he looks complacent only when on his backside.

He is also scared — appalled even — by his estimated \$110,000 income last year.

"I've got all my statements at home but I don't want to add them up," he says. "I know it's over \$100,000 last year, but I'm afraid to add up how much it saves me." Which is understandable in someone who only six years ago was a truck driver, hanging around the Fort Erie truck near his home in Ridgeway, Ontario, Succow, when it comes to a jockey, comes early, and with rambling speed.

Grubb was Canada's top jockey with 223 wins in 1967. Last year he didn't have as many wins, but 24 of those he did have were stakes races with purses of more than \$10,000 each — of which jockeys collect 10 percent.

In 1967 Grubb's lawyer guided him into buying mortgages. "If you know," says Grubb in wonderment, "you can get as much as 14 percent on some of those." By mid-1968 he held certificates on four Toronto houses, and was contributing to a pension plan to pay him \$250,000 at 65.

But mortgages, pension policies — even glum-as-key — aren't really substantial they don't feel or even look like money Grubb wanted more.

So he bought a trailer on Avenue Road in Toronto for \$60,000 and became a landlord. "A good solid building, that," he says, with satisfaction.

It's hard to calculate a jockey's net income. They pay 20 percent to agents who book mounts for them. They are expected to visit and generously to many truck personnel — for reasons, when they ride a big winner it is to repair that they toward the stable hands who prepared the winner and the stable who handled their equipment and clothes between races.

Still a little haunted by it all, Grubb says, "Income taxes, for instance — that and the fees really stagger you. The other day I got a cheque from Wardslaw (J. P. Taylor's money stable) for \$4,800. I pay my agent and look after the stable and the backcountry boys, and I hope I've got three G's left."

It's a hard life.



John Barrow: football, bowling, steakhouses...

FOR REASONS OF politics, player politics and (presumably) the recreation man, John Barrow is guarded when talking money.

A Hamilton Tiger-Cats tackle for the past 12 years, he reportedly makes about \$22,000 a season. He won't discuss his pay, however, because "it's a lot more than other players get, and that could cause trouble on the team."

He won't talk about his income from outside business activities, either.

And he won't reveal his financial ambitions ("That would be bad news") beyond saying that by 35, in two years, he wants to be "financially independent" with "something over \$50,000 a year." That is, \$50,000 including football pay; he already owns, or partly owns, three businesses and, at the newest, a steakhouse, a restaurant he may end football this year.

When 33 he became co-owner of a now-flourishing 24-lane five-pin bowling alley. Four years ago he set up his own company which, though young in the business of sales promotion consultancy, is a potential million-dollar business, producing promotional books and picture cards and postcards — the kind you get with the kids' favorite Super-Duper-Nutty-Sugar-Candy-Munch breakfast cereal.

The new venture is a Hamilton steakhouse. Says Barrow: "I wanted an idea that would capitalize on my 12 years in football. We did two years' research and found the specialty-food business could produce a 20 percent return, but the problem was getting to be known. Well, we said if John Barrow's House, and I'm known as it should be all right."

It will be a pilot for a chain throughout southern Ontario. The sign is an abstract nodding of a football huddle. In the lobby there are sporting caricatures. In the restaurant itself are paintings of great national accounts in sport to give the dining area a sports flavor at a very high level.

"It's extremely hard to find the right restaurant. It took me two months to get the first. It is a painting of Bobo Roth two months before his death, standing in his old uniform, at a restaurant at the Varsity Stadium. It is quite a lovely thing."

To stay in Canada — and in business — Barrow has turned down job offers from the U.S., including a \$40,000 two-year contract with the Detroit Lions and, more recently, a three-year, so-called \$100,000 from the San Diego Chargers.

But then \$50,000 a year would make any sportsman feel at home. □



6 CITIES WITH THE STARS IN THEIR EYES

BY ALAN EDMONDS

ONE OF THE MANY things you love right at what living in a city, is even if we do ourselves, it is the city. It isn't the stars in your eyes, it's the stars in the moon and other celestial bodies. Even people who live in the country and can see the sky properly rarely contemplate the stars that dance in the heavens and let themselves be used, unawakened, by the thought of Eternity. Most of us are too practical to face that fact and those of us who do so, naturally study the sky with the opposite gender and with other things in mind.

But it seems that since Sputnik I we find ourselves becoming more appreciative of at least more appreciable. In the past couple of years Canada has gone on a glorious planetary leader where there was but one small public planetarium (in Edmonton). In 1968, there are now scattered across the country, in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Calgary, as well as Edmonton. The new ones are all major planetariums and are either the product of Communist enthusiasm, or gifts from public benefactors such as Ontario's Colonel R. S. McLaughlin and the Dow Brewery in Montreal.

Planetariums are, as you must know, chambers where you can nearly suppose to stand with each arm and gaze at the heavens projected on the ceiling done by a monstrous marvel of technology devised in 1913 by the Carl Zeiss company in Germany.

Buildings of the original instrument cover much in Copenhagen have 4,000 stars and all the planets and the sun and the moon and the earth's movements built in and underfoot, so that it is more properly described as a time machine. You can now sit back and relax looking for the Star of Bethlehem or forward to see the probable end of the world when the sun explodes. Apart from showing stars and such, our heavens are — perhaps inevitably — fairly predictable.

This contradiction — that people will go to see the heavens projected into the planetariums, but will rarely pause upward to see the real thing — puzzles many of the people who run planetariums. They said to be predictable about the stars. Most of them are, after all, ordered measurements who prefer reality.

Actually, not looking at the sky can't be much happier. Says Robert Babin, who helps run Toronto's McLaughlin Planetarium, Canada's newest:

"We show models of planets at a few minutes. We are involved in public education, but we're also in showbiz and that it is a theater, and it's more exciting."

continued on page 62

Asahi Pentax



photo contest

Two Grand Prizes:
Win a trip to Japan—
ten days at Osaka's
Expo'70 via



McGraw-Hill Co. Ltd. Toronto/Photo • Includes Asahi Pentax camera manual

SHARE YOUR LOVE...



Only a short time ago May Sun was shimmering with cold-burgoy-crying. She had been abandoned, left dying the night on the front porch of one Pine Hill Indian House, in Mississauga.

Why? We may never know. Being King in full of desperate people—no matter how poor to find her little daughter—a father too ill to seek ahead—children with no relatives at all.

We do know that little May Sun, seated in her foster home, gently rocked her up and down, her mouth May Sun had a burst and a wailing burst of milk, dashed in a flash, outspilling the full milk to a clean, comfortable cloth.

May Sun will stay at Pine Hill in new Indian House, half her year.

Receipts for Income Tax are Issued Promptly

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND OF CANADA—
1467 YONGE STREET, TORONTO 7, CANADA M4M 3B5

I wish to "sponsor" a boy or girl ☐ or
an orphan ☐ (Name: _____)
I will pay \$25 a month (\$150 a year)
I understand in person the
full cost ☐ I will accept ☐
I understand "sponsor" a child for
a year ☐ I will accept ☐
Name _____
Address _____
Phone _____

CCF is experienced, efficient, successful, and successful. Approved by the Board of the Dept. of Social Services, Toronto, Ontario, and approved by U.S. State Department as voluntary. Christian Children's Fund has been helping children since 1920. We will give little and to parent and to child. We will give little and to parent and to child. We will give little and to parent and to child.



then the real thing because we can show things happening: the moon and planets moving, the birds of the world or the end of it. There's nothing we cannot project onto this dome. The sky itself is real, but it is just the furniture."

Since it is such a fundamental piece of furniture, sky quality is very important and is a key factor in a trade for dollars and postage between East and West Germany.

The three plants in West is at East Germany. Many zero exporters and government officials landed in West Germany and set up shop at Oberhausen, still using the name Carl Zeiss. Interestingly, the Commission reduced the dollar value of the zero name and renamed the zero plant. While the East German refused the basic instrument designed in 1951, the West German revamped the equipment. Their newest instrument is called the Oberhausen Mark 50 and costs about \$250,000. The East German projector costs \$150,000, which largely explains why three of Canada's new planetaria — Toronto, Calgary and Vancouver — are equipped with the East German instrument.

"The newest planetarium in the States, at Rochester, has a Mark 50. I said down there to see what they start are like, and we here in Toronto have got a far more sky," says Ishiyama of the M.J. Laskin Planetarium.

However, most the sky it is a backdrop at most planetaria for between six and 12 "shows" a year. Typically, last year's program at the Dow Planetarium in Montreal included:

"Orion Rules the Sky" — the explosion of the winter sky in Canada; "How Do We Know?" — the story of how astronomers perceive distance; "He Made The Sun Stand Still" — or how Copernicus decided the sun stood still and the earth and, instead of the other way around.

"The End Of The World" — a discussion of the ways the earth could come to support life. And, "The Edge of the Universe" — an examination of the nature and size of the universe.

The planetarium probably have only one show in common: a Christmas program called "The Star of Bethlehem." It illustrates the theory that the Star of Bethlehem was the planet Jupiter.

Jupiter, which is nearest the earth, passes Saturn about every 20 years. Approximately every 150 years there is a triple conjunction — an astronomical conjunction of the first and second of the earth's greatest Jupiter, having passed Saturn, then appears to stop, as back word, near Saturn again, and then stop yet again before once more passing forward and joining Saturn for the third time.

Such a triple conjunction took place in the year 7 BC. A year later, in another astronomical event, the planet Mars was seen to form a triangle with Jupiter and Saturn — and the Spirit Three, which is significant to astrologers.

It's a fascinating and persuasive explanation of the Star of Bethlehem. No one believes it really existed, but something could have been happening in the heavens about that time. And think these people hadn't lost sight of the stars. □

Reserve-a-car Service:



for people who like to drop in expectedly.

Reserve before you fly. We expect you'll like the speedy service when you land.



People on the move shouldn't have to wait around in airport for a rental car. After all, the reason you're flying is to get where you're going quickly. The Tilden solution? Let us know you're coming.

It works like this: You call your local Tilden office and reserve before you take off. Your reservation will be relayed to car office at your destination, and we'll have a sparkling new Chevy or Pontiac ready for you when you land. Just go to the Express Service flag at our counter, and we'll rally round — fast.

That's the quickest way we can think of to get you on your way. Try it any of more than 250 Canadian airports and downtown locations. Or in the U.S.A. through National Car Rental or linked with TILDEN International. We'll be expecting you.

TILDEN

Toronto Head Office: 1467 Yonge Street, Toronto 7, Ont.

Put your best whisky forward.

SCHENLEY
OFC
CANADIAN WHISKY

IT SAYS THE RIGHT THINGS ABOUT YOU



MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

MARCH, 1969 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 3

BOOKS



Eldridge Cleaver: the fervent thawing of a soul on ice

IN THE VALUE SYSTEM of the protest generation, Eldridge Cleaver has a lot going for him. He is black and revolutionary. He is on the run from the police. He was a youthful adherent of "gears" and it is rumored that he so far has spent half his adult life in California jails. A man who has as conspicuously paid his dues as he suffers for being over 35.

The concomitant of having standing with the New Left is a life not easy. The middle-class would associate Cleaver with crime, extremism, rowdy dissent. It seems him only in the context of his Black Panthers, their leather jackets and their guns.

Cleaver challenges both these stereotypes with a book of essays, *Soul on Ice*, currently climbing the U.S. best-seller list. The title suggests it once the black prisoner, frozen out of life for years in a warehouse cell, and the black culture, withdrawn for centuries from its place in history.

Cleaver, at 34, has an immense past. In the ghetto he practiced rape as "an unconscious act." This contributed to a breakdown in Folsom Prison when "I started to write to save myself." He experienced a shock

of self-knowledge when a guard humiliated him for hanging a piece of a white girl in his cell and, years later, developed a general theory of sexual psychology in the American race crisis. He was successively an inmate, a Muslim, a follower of Malcolm X. Finally, he was his own man — an unassailable black revolutionary, a vigorous and talented cultural critic, a sexual mystic reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence, and a poet. The *Soul on Ice* essays, all written in prison, have fresh perception and first-hand candor, sincerity and style, a feeling touch of humor.

From Cleaver's "inside" viewpoint the black revolution is not just burning ghettos and battles with cops, it is also an unseen force in the discipline and the pop songs and at the rasps of disappointment. And his view of the sexual tension between the races — an uncharted no-man's-land somewhere between *Mex* and *Fried* — would appear fruitful were it not so closely related to his experience: the rape, the prison humiliations, conversations with jailmates ("I don't want nothing black but a Cadillac," said one), sessions with a psychiatrist who wouldn't even discuss racial attitudes.

Cleaver defines an American racial caste system. The functions of the mind are performed by white men (Overpowered Administrators) and the functions of the body by black men (Supermasculine Mammals). Having educated the body, the Administrator becomes effeminate, yet still needs to appear masculine, so he demands from his women an image that is Ultramasculine. She manages that by relinquishing her domestic functions to the black women, who become subliminally as American. Because the Ultramasculine perceives society's official standard of beauty, the Mental develops an "ultra-masculine yearning and lust" for sexual contact with her. For her part, the Ultramasculine, who is haunted by fears of frigidity, sees in the Mental her true "psyche bridegroom."

It is clearly a frustrating situation for all, or, at least, it was. Cleaver suggests that help has already come from the more rebel justice of the Supreme Court and Chubby Checker.

The court's school desegregation ruling, he argues, gave the black Mental and American an impetus to assert a mind of their own. The arrival of Elvis Presley and the Twist released the Administrator and Ultramasculine from their bodily prison: "The whites have had to turn to the blacks for a clue as how to swing with the Body, while the blacks have had to turn to the whites for the secret of the Mind. It was Chubby Checker's mission, bearing the Twist as good news, to teach the whites, whose library had taught to forget, how to shake their ass again."

In all but his extreme polemic passages, Cleaver is tough, yet good-humored and human. He appears reluctant in the revolutionary purpose he declares. Yet he shatters the racism of the Black Muslims. He speaks generously of the new temper of white American youth. There is hope in that. Hope, too, in the quality of this work.

Soul on Ice by Eldridge Cleaver (McGraw-Hill: hardcover, \$1.95; Random paperback, \$1.95). **MACLEAN**

MOVIES

Cops-and-robbers as folk art: is it unfair to look too close?

I DON'T SUPPOSE anyone involved in making *Bullitt* ever intended it to inspire the frenzy of analysis which usually attends a new Godard or, say, the latest Bergman. Life's too short and music and cinema, it is a piece of folk art as measured as the madrigal: it is simply and superbly a cops-and-robbers movie.

But of all modern folk art, the cops-and-robbers movie is the most socially revealing. It is one-dimensional, and because it doesn't question society it reflects it with dazzling fidelity.

Bachelor police lieutenant Frank Bullitt (Steve McQueen) is ordered by a politically ambitious superior (Robert Vaughn) to guard an underworld defector about to split a bribe with The Organisation.

Reflections No. 1: At the scratchy party McQueen in a cramped room is alone — the cop alone, or at least most faces, carrying maps and light sticks.

McQueen's trusty, coagulated side is an Italian segment. The Mafia defector is called John Ross.

Reflections No. 2: The Italian-American society is working to get out of that not all localities have names like Mario Lombardi. They want to make their point around Warner Bros.

Professably, the defector is gassed about. And what a marriage! He gets the little bangs of cigarette, the Myla Miller's shaggy sounds like a broom and smashes the victim's back against the wall, his glimmering red compasses strike the ceiling and turn the room.

Reflections No. 3: With the signals of Chicago and Watts and Vietnam brought to our living room in living color, we are all comfortably familiar with the quality of violence. Movie violence must now be larger than death.

Bonafide moviegoer Vaughn, his political ambitions defeated by the defector's death, is angry it becomes apparent that he cannot force, but he is not a personified agent. In the best Vietnam Prize tradition, he wears his name like a black hat, and carries a gold-plated McQueen, even tries to burn his hair.

Reflection No. 4: The cop isn't perfect, but basically he's a good guy. American politicians (those who want to curb police power) are the center of our society.

McQueen's girl friend (Jacqueline Bisset), an unattractive neo-romantic architect (or some such), stumbles accidentally upon one of the bodies that later a good cop-and-priestess name McQueen is removed. The girl friend, pale, rant away, tells him he is "part of ugliness, death and violence," that she now reflects the doesn't know him, that she doesn't want to know about such ugliness.

Reflection No. 5: The cop is alienated from the world he lives in. And we, the public, refuse to acknowledge our society's seriousness because of us we might have to give the cops more power, not less.

McQueen shoots a man, who dies slowly before doing the slow shoot a Negro guard, who also dies slowly

McQueen is obviously shaken by his killing.

Reflections No. 6: Cops hate violence as much as we are all supposed to. Bizarre reflection. Not all Negroes run, some die for us.

But Bullitt was never intended for the kind of analysis. At the level at which it is presented it is the last of a new crop of an old folk art which began with *Melrose* and includes *The Descent*, *Melrose* and *Coogan's Bluff*.

Furthermore, *Bullitt* has a chase sequence which is probably the best ever made anywhere at any time. McQueen on his Mustang pursuing a Chrysler through the busy downtown streets of San Francisco. It doesn't last six minutes, but it earned to spend a lifetime on the edge of your seat, heart racing. This sequence is the ultimate justification of director Peter Yates' character with the long-form movie form.

But good as it is, *Bullitt* inevitably leaves one wondering: Why did it nobody make a movie about the real social significance of cops-and-robbers: police brutality?

ALAN EDWARDS

RECORDS



Why not get into plagiarism? That's where the money is

Plagiarism!
Let no one else's work make your cry!

THIS, ACCORDING TO Tim Leary, grand old and weird, is the basis of musical success. Record companies have taken his advice in recent releases.

Plagiarism became respectable after Johnny Rivers' 1968 smash "Meat & Potatoes" in the early 1970s and blew his mind listening to the coconuts of Antonio

Vivaldi. Or has reason to Germany be probably published a fabled version of a Vivaldi violin concerto. He played this piece for several years, and a huge crowd of musicians, perhaps because so many musicianship happen to be German.

But the Amazing Furies have attack Bach. For 200 years Bach's music has been copied, plagiarized, strangled, plagiarized, plagiarized, plagiarized, and abused, and by now there are almost a dozen long-playing versions of these sacred vibrations.

The latest is a booklet called *Swingtime* by Ray Manzarek (Chicago, February) with favorite tunes transcribed by Robert Moog's electronic synthesizer. Glenn Gould has hailed it as "the record of the decade." Three years ago, the *Swingtime* Singers, a female pop vocal group, had their way with Bach. Conductors Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy thought they should update delicate keyboard pieces for their 90-piece orchestras. All could be said of the quality of the album. Mozart was at the height of his career in 1782, wrote pretty strong ties as symphonies for Bach's early backroom furies.

With 35,000 long-playing records now available in North America, plagiarism becomes a necessity if record companies keep trying to market only commercially proven material. Some recent examples:

□ *Joe's Brothers*: Glenn Gould is the perfect choice for this album featuring Franz Liszt's bombastic symphonies for piano solo of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. All three musicians are diagnosed.

□ *Concertos for Two-Orchestra*: The Germans are trying to revive things by heavily plagiarizing the long-neglected original. These heavy medieval songs have been heard only in the programmatic treatment according to them in a contemporary setting by Carl Orff. Now, television has just issued two records of the original un-Gilded and purified.

□ *Common's Verse*: From London Records, a rich and spacious stereo version of Verdi's opera, sung by Carl Orff. Now, television has just issued two records of the original un-Gilded and purified.

□ *1812 Overture*: RCA Victor has just issued a transcription of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, which was in the early 1930s and blew his mind listening to the coconuts of Antonio

Russian church bells, typed recently in Moscow, and then translated on multi-track tape. The badly hand-drawn notation is described by RCA as "written that night possibly have been Tchaikovsky's own work" he alive in today's electronic world." Uh huh.

BLANK CIPHERS

TELEVISION

Some real good advice to Hot Seat's host: cool it

FOR A MOMENT in which celebrity gossip is a first in the breakdown of success, there is something almost comaciously real about television sports. Real. Real. From the left stroke of a ball on the ground, the operative word with TV sportscasters is "real."

The nightly sports news on CBUT, the CBC's Toronto outlet, is generally five minutes of fast talk, punctuated by best commentary. But every so often the show makes a genuine attempt to become viable by viewing a dated film clip interview provided by one of the American networks. This interview invariably goes like this:

Interviewer: Hello, Gritty. It's real nice talking to you. As you know, you're currently the league's leading quarterback with successful balls at his. Now that's a real fine record and I feel you're real proud of it. Player: Gee thanks, uh, Check. Well, I had some real bad back at the start of the year. Some real mean patches kept coming over the plate and I hurt my hamstring fingers and bad. This means I got lost. I just had to add I wouldn't be better half so good, keeping it get real good teamwork going for me. They're a bunch of guys.

The trouble is that total reliance on the adjective "real" is spreading beyond the sports world. I first began to fear for the future when the original U.S. network (things approved with the Apollo 8 flight) returned from space with the news that, "The Earth looks real beautiful from up there." That apparently enhanced their powers of description.

All of which leads me to CTV's *Sports Hot Seat*, the only network TV program in Canada that attempts to deal with sport as a level higher than bedrock-jargon jargon. Although there is a fair quota of "yuck" per show, the overall standard of *Hot Seat* is as good as you'll find in, well, in the average newspaper sports column. What often saves the show from itself is the performance of the guest.

This was true a few weeks ago when racing driver Graham Hill was in the hot seat. With politeness, a flair for description and a modicum of wit, Hill seemed to fit the bill of a sportsman in the studio. He was conversing with bad lighting, atrocious camera angles, a radio interruption or two and a goose-neck microphone that waggled under his chin like a metronome. But he said he had to say well and come through like a gentleman.

Not that Hill had much trouble negotiating the curve laid out by the panel of three sports journalists. All the interviews are graciously given. There was no need to pry out the character and motivations of a man like Hill. It is not enough to ask him if he is a feminist, how long did it and leave it at that.

The show's rotating panelists can sometimes let so much of their enthusiasm to be a Canadian. When interviewing Canada Clay about the racial issue they deployed the sensitivity boy's expert from a mob of Gritty's mob. When asked about a particular Very Own Nancy Greene, there was so much flattery that the hot seat became a love seat.

But the show's last winning factor is its host, Johnny Rose, who also heads the network's sports department. Watching him, I realized just how little *Laugh-In's* Big Al is exaggerating. Rose's contributions to the discussions is sometimes more disruptive than helpful. On the show with Hill, Rose broke in with an irrelevant film sequence showing the driver spinning out and losing a wheel at Silverstone.

Now, how about this, Graham? I will, (conveys) Hmmm Well, that's very nice. Thanks very much. Rose's main duty at hot seats is to be herald each commercial with a forebode of forecast promises. "Don't go away sports fans. We'll be right back in 10 seconds or so. There are lots of questions we'll be asking Graham Hill. Questions like:

Burble burble, burble. On a show that starts late, ends early and has two long commercial breaks, burbling is unacceptably wasteful. We'll rather hear more from the guest.

This point is *Sports Hot Seat* doesn't need Rose. It is redundant on camera; one of the panelists could make the introductions. Graham Rose is an excellent organizer behind the scenes, and he should stay there. Perhaps if he took to his desk, he might be able to figure out ways to improve the format. Or let me put it in terms the sports followers too often hear: It's been real nice watching you, Johnny. And you've got the makings of a real good show. But at the moment it's real tedious. So why don't you be a real cool host and say off the ball?

DOUGLAS MANNING

A record player you put in your pocket

ON RECORDING SALES in cassette tape-recorders and their handy, portable counterparts, even that disc records are due for a serious defeat.

A good many people at the record industry think so, and some retailers are predicting that within five or 10 years, discs will no longer dominate the market.

But one new invention, to be launched this spring, promises to create a break new market in discs — as a revolutionary format.

It's the pocket disc, a flexible vinyl record the size of a doughnut and scarcely thicker than a sheet of heavy paper. The little discs are so light and compact you could carry 50 of them in your pocket and so durable they'll be solid without protective jackets. (You can bend them, walk on them, stomp on them, and even cut into them and they'll still track.)

Park Lane, a firm which expects to be first to market them in Canada, claims the little discs double the playing life of a 45 rpm single yet will last for about 35 years (compared to 70 years or more for a 45). Sound reproduction, the makers claim, is virtually as good.

One drawback: you can't play them on an automatic record changer (because a record disc's grooves start about where a conventional LP ends). But they play on any manual 33 1/3 rpm machine with a standard microphone needle — or on a special new optional automatic 33 1/3 rpm record player (price about \$40).

CHRYSTAL HALL

CHECKLISTINGS

RECORDS

► **Originals**—Musical Comedy: Some recent froth in RCA Victor's Vintage Series, this sampler starts with a 1909 recording of Bessie Berg singing *I've got Rings on my Fingers*, then follows a hollow-sounding chronology featuring such famous unknowns as Nona Gaye, Joe Newirth, Fanny Redgrave, Charles King, Beatrice Lilla, Helen Morgan, Noble Sissle and Duke Ekins. Finale: a 1935 tale from *At Home Abroad*, with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. A primitive rarity.

► **Woodruff Made It** by George Harrison could be one of the reasons the Beatles' Apple Corps may not be doing so well in the business world. Recorded in India, it's simply an ego trip for Harrison. No singing, just guitar music — poorly played. (Capitol)

► **Living With the Animals** (Mother Earth): Tracy Nelson, the lead vocalist, is the most exciting voice to come along in the pop-rock scene since it started. She has more bite in her singing style than any female jazz musician, and she takes off when Jack Layton finishes. Mick Nails (gives solo) and inventive piano accompaniment throughout, and the album just flows. (Mercury)

► **Uday Shankar** (RCA's older brother, a Hindu dancer who courted Paris in 1928, makes a comeback at age 65, thanks to the fame of his sister) salsos. On a Columbia record, Uday poses his troupe of dancers, singers and musicians in a rugged Hindi environment that might be termed an opera-ballet: *The Dance Drama of Prabodh and Ananda*. But since there's no libretto, it's inscrutable.

► **Veseli's Beguiling Asks** from the Russians who will key this London album is an ultimate in unorthodox dissemination, deceiving listeners will recognize a profound performance sensually rhapsodic that of Tennessee. Conductor Georg Solti, perked in a struggle by the great maestro, evokes the best talent of the heroic new music. Luciano Pavarotti, the Venice Opera House and the Venice Philharmonic.

► **Blue Room** (Ruth McCordell): An all-Canadian group that started big-band dance during a mere booking in a Toronto night spot recently offers pre-

minent proof why. Eleven brilliant brassmen (four trumpets, four trombones, three French horns), backed by a compelling, five-piece rhythm section, work prominently through McCordell's arrangements of a dozen worthy tunes. (RCA Victor)

► **Guitar Sounds From Lenny Bruce** Wampage's great gift to the music world is a seriously fiery, raucous, swinging and tender as his applanasterful riffs and classical techniques to rock pop, country and standard tunes as *Mind Day's Night, King of the Road* and *Georgia on My Mind*. The only living response to this, his first LP, in "Eternel" (RCA Victor).

MOVIES

► **The Night They Rained** (Minsky's): This is a technique as it was or should have been. Joan Roberts, Britt Ekland (below) and comic Norman Wisdom have some good turns in an



old-fashioned settings (some that has more grace and wit than almost any of the up-to-date movies in mixed technology).

► **The Talking Mongoose** Eva Marie Saint plays a white woman on the run with her half-breed son from her Indian captor; army scout Gregory Reed becomes her protector. Director Robert Mulligan shows that an American Western can still be satisfying if it's simple and decent.

► **The Killing of Sister George** Beryl Reid plays a hard actress whose character in a TV soap opera is about to be killed in a cycle crash. Director Robert Aldrich has transformed an unimpressive play by Frank Bruce into an exercise in vulgarity, including a lesbian love scene between Carol Browne and Bessie Smith. It's a new low in movie taste.

► **Siddons** In his first attempt at

comedy is nearly 20 years, Oso Preminger leaps into the generation gap and slips on a banana peel. The values of the American establishment are represented by a group of respectable, clean-living gangsters who get tossed on by happen.

BOOKS

► **Violence, Mockery and Mae** by Clare Russell and W. M. S. Russell (Macmillan, \$11.50): Two British social historians, after studying the habits of mockers in 1900 and in the 1960s, conclude that violence is man-made — man inflicted — in a response to over-crowding, estate's way of throwing out the crowd. Their key to world peace: universal birth control. The alternative: belated by the year 2050.

► **High On the Wild With Henshaw** by Lloyd R. Arnold (Copp Clark, \$12.75): Research all the tedious hunting talk and gun lore there's a warm portrait here of Ernest Hemingway over the years in Idaho, written by old friend Lloyd Arnold, publicity photographer at San Valley Lodge. Arnold writes like a photographer, but his pictures are good.

► **Thirteen Days** by Robert F. Kennedy (McLew, \$6.25): Robert Kennedy's inside story of what went on in the White House during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 in both fascinating and frightening. If President John Kennedy had taken the advice of the booklet, majority in his cabinet and the generals from the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the United States might well have become involved in a nuclear war with the Soviet Union.

► **The Movie** by Georges Simenon (Longman, \$5.25): In this curious tale of human folly, a priest travels apart in Paris moves with his family to a new high-rise development in the district suburbs and becomes obsessed with the unconvincing sexual behavior of his neighbors beyond the thin wall. The consequences are too melodramatic, but Simenon's virtuosity outweighs that defect.

► **The Destruction of Conway PQ-47** by David Irving (Longman, \$4.95): Irving has become World War II's most dispiriting marketing historian. His fifth war book blames the First Sea Lord, Sir Dudley Pound, for the Allied most disastrous convoy: 24 of 37 merchant ships bound for Archangel were sunk after their strong naval escort abandoned them.

BLACK & WHITE

BLACK VELVET

"One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted"

the best
tobacco
money can buy

